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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, October 21, 1983





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LOCAL COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The local council elections will take place on Tuesday, October 25 1983. Residents of local council areas who hold Israeli identity cards may be registered on the voters' list for that particular area even if they are not Israeli citizens.

The locations of the polling stations are published a few days before the elections. Voters are required to check at which station they are expected to vote in accordance with the serial number appearing on the voter's card sent to his home.

Polling stations open at 7 a.m. and close at 11 p.m. Voters arriving after 11 p.m. will not be permitted to vote.

In contrast to previous years, election day this year will not be a public holiday (*shabbaton*). Nonetheless, voters are urged to go to the polls to exercise their right to vote.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following publications are now available:

- 1) An Olneh's Guide to the Israel Defence Forces;
- 2) Answers to Unasked Questions (Temporary Edition), Part 1: Housing, Banking and Currency, Consumerism, Food and Food Shopping;
- 3) The student newspaper MANNA (Fall 1983 edition). The paper provides information on a variety of long- and short-term programs in Israel for students from abroad.

Readers may order these publications from the Department of Information for Olim, English Language Division, P.O. Box 816, Jerusalem. Please mark envelope: JP 21/10/83.

MOSHAV SHORASHIM

Moshav Shorashim, a moshav shitufi located in the Galilee's Sages region, has an economy based on an electronics assembly plant and an R&D laboratory for medical instruments. Other businesses include a translation/editing service and agriculture.

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Va'adat Kitta will be conducting interviews in Jerusalem on Friday, October 28. Interested couples aged 22-35 with children up to age 10 should contact Va'adat Kitta at 04-917261 or 04-910548 to arrange an appointment.

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Moshav Shechanya, located in the Sages area, south-west of Carmel, is a new industrial cooperative community based on small privately owned and operated enterprises. Shechanya's members, primarily olim from Western countries, are engaged in such projects as production of Eilat stones, jewelry and candle wicks, electronic component assembly, flower growing and sheep breeding. Enterprises in such areas as: computer software, tourist services, an automobile repair garage, educational films and cartooning are being considered.

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KEEP ISRAEL BEAUTIFUL!

"THE FIFTIES were the years of austerity... we called it *tzena*," said Edit Levinson, now in her early 60s. "Things were hard, but they were hard for everyone. There wasn't much to buy and less to buy it with. Now people keep talking about a new austerity programme. I'm not sure what they mean by that. Everything has changed. Even at the end of austerity, you knew how much you earned and you knew what everything cost. You also knew that if you stuck to bread and margarine and dairy products and vegetables, you could manage. Now the prices of vegetables and cheese are so high that it really doesn't matter."

This last week, as prices rose due to devaluation and lowered subsidies, Levinson certainly wasn't the only person to admit that she didn't know what is really happening.

"I do understand one thing," she said, "they had to take off the subsidies. Back in the Fifties and even the early Sixties it made sense that the basic necessities be kept cheap... within reach of everyone. But what's the sense of subsidizing bread and milk and eggs for a population that's buying video sets and playing the stock market?"

RUTH MAGAL, 55, laughed when asked if she was in Israel during *tzena*.

"Sure, and while I don't know what's happening now, it certainly isn't anything like an austerity programme. How can you have *tzena* in a luxury-laden market? During the Fifties there was austerity because not only did you have no money but you also couldn't find much to buy. If someone came from abroad and brought you a pound of coffee, you invited all your friends over and drank it."

Linking at the supermarket shelves, laden with imported goods and locally-made luxuries, she smiled.

"*Tzema* was leben and bread and beetroot, with one egg a week for adults and four for a child. There was a small meat ration but no meat. Hand cream was a luxury, a tube cost as much as a small chicken. I rubbed cooking oil into my hands and felt guilty because there was never enough and I was wasting it out of vanity. Nnr was there even enough tea or sugar or margarine or anything else."

"And that's another thing," Magal continued, "Even now, with prices soaring, we don't really know the difference between luxuries and necessities... the luxuries have become cheaper and we no longer know just what we can do without."

"MAKE A BUDGET? How can I?" 33-year-old Nurit Kagan looked

at the price on a frozen chicken at the supermarket this week and put it back, choosing a package of frozen turkey wings instead. "They make a good goulash," she said. "My mother was a real *bolabusta*. She raised five children during the *tzema* years. But she knew to the *grinch* how much income she had and she knew exactly what everything cost."

Kagan, mother of three, spoke of the effect of inflationary prices on her own method of keeping a household in order.

"I guess it really comes down to

market in Mahane Yehuda said they were buying as usual — "as long as I can," in the words of 40-year-old Sima Mizrahi, mother of five. "If I don't buy today it will cost even more tomorrow. In any case, I don't usually buy more than I need." Apparently two economy-sized packages of chocolate cookies were on her list of needs.

But it was obvious that the Ash women, sitting in odd corners of the market, were getting the lion's share of the fruit and vegetable trade, their prices being as much as 25 per cent lower than in the stalls.

on foreign travel and on purchasing permits.

Cohen added that he was used to being a careful shopper. "For me it's a habit, and nothing has changed much. But for some people it's a real problem. They don't know how to shop."

"THERE'S ANOTHER problem" said Myrna Greenfield, 35, who came from England 12 years ago. "How can you instill habits of frugality or voluntary simplicity in the kids today when all around them, from the top of the government to the neighbour next door, all they see is ostentatious living, conspicuous consumption and flagrant waste? They think you're absolutely hankers if you even try."

"I really don't want to even try to keep up with the Cohens, as they say, or with anyone else. But the children can't understand that some things are totally unnecessary, even if you can afford them. I know we could do with a lot less, but only in a situation where everyone did with less, otherwise the children are considered strange by their peer group. In my son's class, there's a girl whose father is a professor, and they don't have a TV. I admire them for being able to stick to their principles — I can't."

"I don't know the answer to all this," said Lubia Bivas, 43, mother of two teenagers still at home and "two in the army who eat like horses when they come home on weekends."

"I know that you can't turn the clock back. A good part of my family income goes for repairs and upkeep and insurance on all the machinery around the house. We have these things and we take care of them — a washer, a dryer, a dishwasher, colour TV and video. But I'll have a deficit at the end of this month — last month's salary won't cover this month's prices. And now they're talking about cancelling the cost-of-living allowances. How can they?"

"In 1970 my husband got a promotion and his salary was 1,000 lira a month — I just spent, three months' salary at 1970 prices for one kilo of meat. Where will it all end? If I can't buy food, I guess I'm supposed to console myself with a video film."

One thing everyone seemed to agree on was that there's a difference between austerity and inhuman poverty.

"In austerity, everyone was poor," said Yehudit Avivi, 27, mother of two. "Now there's plenty to buy, but every month I can buy less and less. I'd planned to have a permanent at the hairdresser's — my sister is getting married. When he said it cost 4,000 shekels I got up and walked out, but there were a lot

of women sitting there getting perms.

"It's all a case of the haves and have nots. If you're one of the haves, it's O.K. People are still buying expensive TVs and cars; they're waiting with their tongues out for the stock exchange to open so they can play the market. I don't know where they get the money. My husband and I both work and we never have more than enough to get by. And now we don't even have that."

"The minute I heard about the devaluation I told my wife that now is the time to get the new gas cooker we've been planning to buy," said one Jerusalemite, who didn't want to give his name. "We went out that very minute and got the range at the old price in shekels. We saved a lot."

Many other people, bargaining away in the shops that sell durable goods seem to have felt the same.

ONE FACT did seem to stand out, and that is that no one, including the government, seems to have a clear picture of what is going to happen in the near future. Prophecies range from gloom and doom to the inevitable "I'll be for — it'll be O.K." — but no one seems sure when or how. Certainly, if the standard compensation for a rise in the cost of living is abolished, then most people are going to feel the pinch — and some sectors will feel it badly. But, on the other hand, if people can't buy the goods the country produces, then a lot of businesses will have to close and that means unemployment.

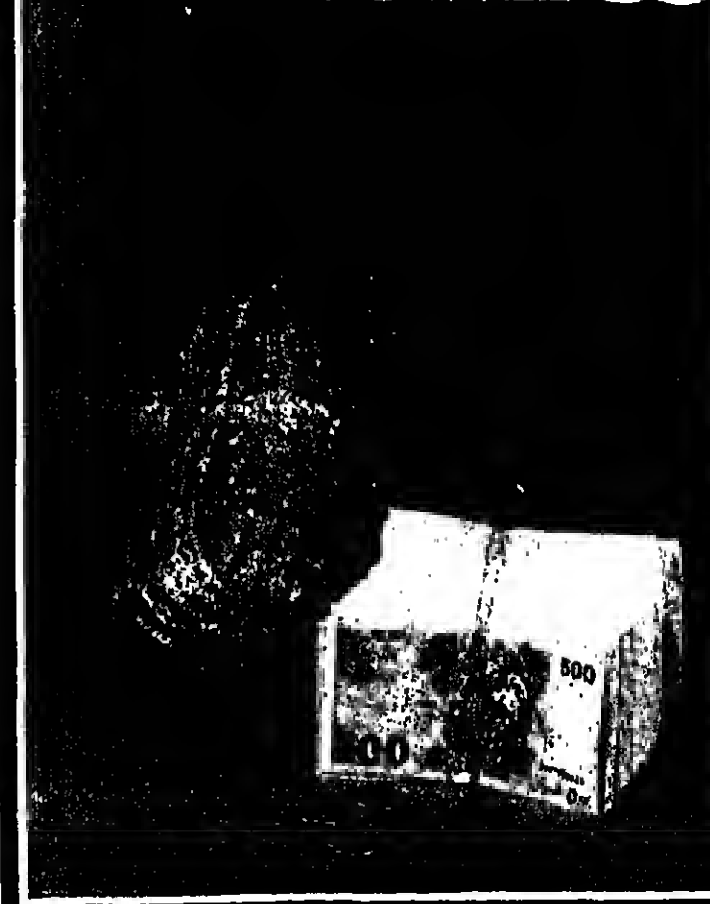
If people can't buy imports, then there won't be any; but our export agreements are linked and to a great extent contingent on a balance of imports. Even veteran economists seemed hainboozled, and in the market people knew only that there was a family to feed and there were still enough shekels in their purse to pay for the food. Tomorrow? Well, we'll see...

"Are you going to plant those onions or pickle them?"

Iris Megur, 24, laughed a trifle self-consciously as she admitted that the tiny bulbs she was picking out were for planting.

"It's really silly. How much can I grow? After all, there are five of us and my garden is the size of an average room. But somehow, when things get like this I remember my mother growing things during *tzema*. Sure, like everyone else she carried a string bag in her purse, just in case she came across something to buy except heels, but we had a garden, and we had a lot more fresh vegetables than most people. I can't feed my family from such a small garden, but it makes me feel like I'm doing something — you know, not quite so helpless."

HOMES AND ECONOMICS



linking at everything and asking myself if we really need it. No one knows what anything costs today or what it will cost tomorrow. It's a madhouse."

Kagan said she didn't rush to the stores as so many did when the new prices were announced. "How much could I save? A few hundred shekels? And for what? I just try to buy what I really need."

MOST OF the women in the supermarket mid in Jerusalem's outdoor

Israelis understand that there's a difference between austerity and inflationary poverty. But they don't know what that difference will mean in their daily lives and on their household budgets. The Post's D'VORA BEN SHAUL surveyed the marketplace this week. Here is what she found.



הכרזה מן האל

JAM AND TAXES

School integration is as much a political and social issue as an educational one. In the first of two articles The Post's SUSAN BELLOS meets educators who have doubts about the reform's performance in terms of learning.



Secular middle-class mother: "I don't mind integration but I don't want my daughter to be beaten up or get into drugs."

Secular middle-class father: "I don't mind integration but I want my kid to go to a good school and learn about computers."

Secular lower-class mother: "I want my kid to go to a good school in a nice neighbourhood."

Secular lower-class father: "I want my kid to go to a good school where he'll learn English."

Middle-class religious mother: "I want my kid to go to a good school where he'll learn Torah, and I don't care about integration."

Lower-class religious father: "I want my kid to learn Torah and computers and not to get into drugs."

Kibbutz parent: "My whole life is rooted in my belief in equality, but how can we integrate our kids with children from homes with totally different values?"

Arab parent: "Integration? I just want him to go to a good school."

SCHOOL INTEGRATION has been the central issue in Israeli education since the Sixties. It was hived on the growing awareness of a large social and educational gap between Israel's largely Ashkenazi middle class and almost entirely Oriental Jewish lower class. One of the more practical results of this awareness was the Knesset policy decision of September 1968, to institute the school reform, which meant a network of regional junior high schools for seventh, eighth and ninth graders. The aims of the reform were to raise the educational achievements of the poor and to mix children of different ethnic backgrounds.

Fourteen years later, only 55 per cent of Israel's school population is

in the junior high network. Even though the Ministry of Education has some very serious and committed supporters of the reform, and Israel has probably more experts on school integration per capita than any other nation in the world, critics have marvelled at the slowness of the ministry's performance. They might also marvel at the relatively small number of religious, kibbutz and Arab junior high schools.

THE ISSUE blew up again last month in Rishon LeZion when a group of middle-class parents, heavily backed, and some say managed, by the local branch of the Histadrut (Elementary) Teachers' Union, refused to send their children to the new junior highs. After weeks of dithering, Minister of Education Zevulun Hammer finally made a firm public statement of commitment to the school reform, and everybody went quietly back to school.

Hammer's statement was a great personal victory for Eliezer Shmueli, the ministry's director-general, who has fought long and hard for the school reform. Shmueli, who was born to a poor Greek Sephardi family, was a protégé of the late Zalman Aranne, considered by many as the most ferocious and serious minister of education this country has had.

Aranne was the kind of minister who planned ministry bureaucracies in the middle of the night to discuss a new idea. He was a passionate socialist Zionist of the old school. He both conceived and launched the school reform and fought for it against the often violent opposition of the Teachers' Union, which then, in now, opposed the reform because it saw in it the diminution of its own elementary schools. One of

Aranne's more memorable utterances to the union was: "If you attack the reform in future, I will come up out of my grave to destroy you." And now it looks as if he has,

INTEGRATION is a bit like jam which has to be spread thinly and finely over the nation's bread. The big blobs in the jam, or those who think they are the big blobs, often object, though they usually say that their arguments are based on good nutrition.

Integration is also, perhaps, like progressive income tax. Most democratic societies have it, but the middle class doesn't enjoy paying it and often finds ingenious ways of getting out of it.

The jam and tax images are appropriate because school integration is as much a political and social issue as an educational one. In fact, some educators who support the reform in political and social grounds, have raised doubts about its effectiveness so far in raising the educational achievements of some of Israel's poor. In other words, few serious educators object to the social thinking on which the reform was predicated but some have doubts about its performance in strict learning terms.

The school reform is nothing if not political. In the best sense of the word. During the Fifties, says Prof. Ze'ev Klein, who was one of the designers of the Nahalot-Rehavia integration project and one of the professors who called a recent press conference in support of the reform, "we believed in egalitarianism but we believed in the equality of geniuses. We couldn't accept for a long time that not all Jews can be simultaneously equal and clever."

The "we" is an oblique reference

to the Ashkenazi establishment who for all sorts of fascinating historical reasons tended to assume that Jewish children could not have learning problems. And, according to authorities such as Prof. Haim Adler, the director of the Hebrew University's Research Institute for Innovation in Education, "some of our educational planning still seems to be based on the assumption that all Jewish children are bagrut material."

Dr. Kalman Benyomini, the head of the Jerusalem Municipal School Psychology Service and the Hebrew University's Department of Psychology, put it this way: "My belief in integration is based on my political and social views. I don't want the first meeting between the different Israelis to take place in the army. Education is the only way in which people advance, and poorer endowed kids will only advance if they hitch a ride on the backs of more advantaged children. If they're left to study in their own schools [i.e. the largely Oriental State Religious School networks], as some Talmi people are suggesting today, they will go on studying happily ever after, with the accent on the over after, because they will never raise their level of educational achievement."

Integration, Benyomini pointed out, brings the resources and the pull of middle-class people, which automatically raise educational standards.

BENYAMINI was talking about integration, and specifically about the school reform. Some Israelis have recently been making approving noises about the former and disapproving ones about the latter. Take, for example, MK Ora Namir, the chairwoman of the Knesset's

Education Committee who appears to be the Alignment's favourite for minister of education, if and when it takes power. Namir, who cannot of course oppose integration on ideological grounds, says that she subjects to the reform because "integration only works at the elementary school level."

EDUCATORS do not need the Jesuits to tell them that ideological notions work best when drummed into the very young, but not a single educational expert in Israel today believes that integration can be effectively accomplished at the elementary school level — for the very simple reason that Israeli parents will not countenance the hushing of six-year-olds, though few of them would flinch at the idea of a 13-year-old alone on a bus.

This was stated recently by Prof. Yehuda Amir, the director of Bar-Ilan's Centre for Integration in Education, and it met with the grand response from Namir in a *Jerusalem Post* interview: "Professors — what do they know?"

Namir admitted, however, that busing could not be carried out on a large scale in Israel ("parents must not be forced") and fell back on the argument usually put forward by religious opponents of integration: "I don't think we should force the public to bus children because I believe in pluralism."

Namir enjoys a great deal of political support among Yitzhak Rabin's people in the Labour Party, and, of course, in the Teachers' Union. Recently she attacked the reform on what she called educational grounds. But when she was pressed to supply facts and figures to back her recent statement that "the reform has failed educationally," she retorted: "How

do I know? I know because I'm the chairwoman of the Knesset Education Committee, that's how I know."

MOST OF the other arguments both inside the Ministry of Education and in Israeli schools and universities tend to be more subtle. The majority of policy-makers inside the ministry, including people like Eliezer Shmueli, Benjamin Amir, the director of secondary-school education, David Pur, the chairman of the pedagogic secretariat, and Dan Bitan, the director of the junior high school section, are all very firmly and seriously committed to the reform.

All of them are high-calibre civil servants who support, one way or another, the social ideas of the Labour Party. Although Zevulun Hammer has been in power for seven years, these men are dedicated to implementing the ideological heritage of the Labour Party. The National Religious Party's main educational interests have lain in rather weak attempts to put more Jewish education into the secular schools, and they have been noticeably unenthusiastic about integration.

What seems to have happened in the seven years of Hammer's rule is that the reform has progressed largely for the children in the secular school network. It is as if there were a tacit agreement between Hammer and his Labour Party civil servants that they can have integration and the reform if they turn a blind eye to segregation in the religious schools.

According to the Ministry of Education, there are 300 junior highs today and 75 of these are religious.

Most of the religious junior highs are in areas such as the development towns where the population is almost uniformly Oriental lower class. These junior highs certainly provide better educational facilities than many of the local religious elementary schools, but few of them bring the social mixing that the reform is committed to.

The religious middle class, which is almost entirely Ashkenazi, is allowed by the present administration to send its 13-year-olds to yeshiva boarding schools where admission is based on academic selection. Some religious parents go even further and send their children to some of the new "progressive" Agudat schools.

BUT as David Pur of the pedagogic secretariat admitted recently, the kibbutzim have also resisted the junior high network. Pur, who is a member of Kibbutz Nezer Sereit,

is upset about their resistance but feels that "this is something that should be discussed inside the movement." The kibbutzim are by definition committed to social egalitarianism, but very few of them are prepared to mix their children with junior high schoolers from nearby development towns or moshavim. This may not be simple snobbery; it may well be impossible to mix successfully the children of totally different backgrounds without considerable funding, which the Ministry of Education has until now declined to offer.

Only 28 of the 300 junior highs are in the kibbutz or Arab school sector. But while the kibbutzim account for 3 per cent of the school population, Arab children amount to 18 per cent. Fourteen years ago many educators argued that the school reform was not very relevant to Arab schoolchildren. In those days, educational disadvantage

meant virtually the same thing as Oriental Jewish; today it doesn't.

Since 1973 educational disadvantage (in Hebrew *hamet tipush*, literally "in need of fostering") has been defined according to the following criteria: father's country of origin, family size, and father's education. There are other important yardsticks, but these are the ones currently in use at the Ministry of Education, and according to them, 47 per cent of the population were disadvantaged in 1973, as compared to 37 per cent in 1980. These figures have gone down for some very obvious reasons: fewer fathers were born in African-Asian countries, housing is generally better, and more Israelis are getting more years of schooling. The last factor can be directly correlated with the school reform.

But in 1983, as events in Rishon LeZion indicated only too clearly, there is a definite Oriental middle class. It has led to the ironic situation of mothers and fathers from Rishon phoning Shmueli and saying: "We're Sephardi and we're against the reform too!" Shmueli said, "I go all soft inside when I hear this because I understand these parents, but I know they're wrong."

ACCORDING to Klein, Benyamin, Amir and other experts in the field, the question now is more one of class than of ethnic origin. There is a real problem of educational disadvantage in Israel and, as Klein put it, "it just so happens that all of Israel's Jewish lower class is of Oriental origin."

It also just so happens, according to figures supplied by the ministry's junior high department, that 68 per cent of the children in religious junior highs are educationally disadvantaged, compared to only 29 per cent in the secular junior highs.

Educational disadvantage is not a term Israeli educators tend to use when they talk about Arab schools, but very interesting questions will emerge if the ministry deals with it as more a class than an ethnic issue. Will the reform that is committed to raising the educational standards of Israel's poor be equally applied among Israel's Arabs, many of whom belong to the working class?

At the moment the sociological division remains between poorer villagers (and in the south, the Beduin) and more middle-class urban Arabs.

The ministry's Dan Bitan says that "the main purpose of junior highs in the Arab sector remains to raise educational standards and to make sure that the law of compulsory education till the end of grade nine is carried out."

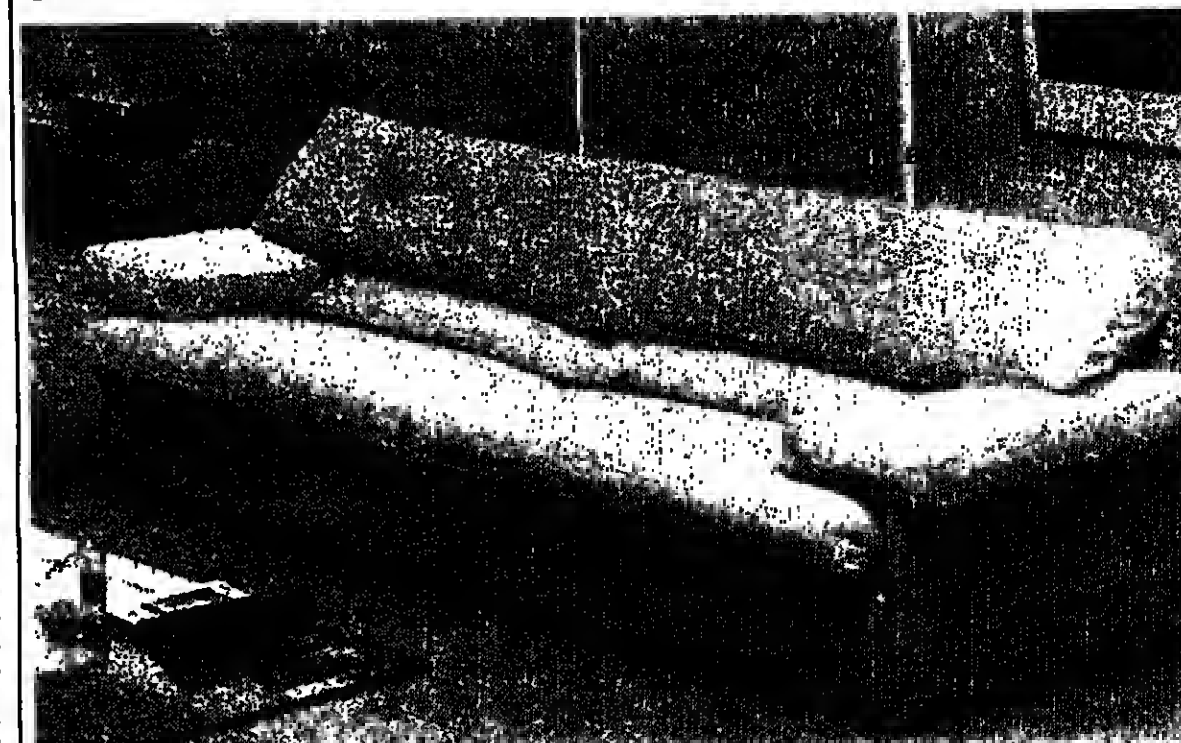
ORA NAMIR has made her astounding claim that the school reform has failed "educationally." She will be very hard pressed to find a single piece of respectable academic evidence to support that contention. On the other hand, exponents of the reform can claim that no middle-class children have suffered academically because of integration, and in some cases disadvantaged children have obviously benefited. Adler even says that "by and large the school reform has been a great Israeli success story."

He notes that 18 per cent of Israel's disadvantaged now finish high school, and 50 per cent of the school population now finish 12th grade.

Serious questions remain about the children who make up the other 50 per cent. Their fate and that of the luckier ones in junior high school will be discussed in a future article.

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YEKKE ז'ינז אן אינזולט

A conference of Central European Jews does not start on time, to the surprise of A.E. NORDEN.

"PLEASE be prompt!" said my invitation to a symposium on Fifty Years of Contributions by Immigrants from Central Europe to the Upbuilding of the Land of Israel. On a partly cloudy morning last week, when the Israeli so-called economy was reeling, I got up nice and early and drove to the campus of Tel Aviv University. As I drove, I tried to banish from my mind dollars, shekels and stereotypical ideas about the yekke and his attributes.

Prompt. Thrifty. Plodding. Humorous. Prudent. Law-abiding. Pedantic. Clean. Precise. Unable to learn Hebrew. That's what all the German-speaking Jews who fled from Hitler and arrived in Palestine from Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia between 1933 and 1939 are supposed to be like. Also, the men wear jockeys and ties under the Middle Eastern sun, which is particularly understood to be responsible for the epithet yekke. Stretching the speed limit so as to be sure to arrive on time, I tried to forget all those ancient, irrelevant prejudices.

I arrived 10 minutes ahead of time and found a roomful of grandfathers and grandmotherly people greeting each other and chatting cheerfully in German and Hebrew. Some of the men wore jockeys and ties, some didn't. None seemed to be in the grip of that fear and anger that had seized the other workers, businessmen and pensioners of the country.

Actually, the air in the lecture hall was jovial — *geudlich*, you might say. I seemed to be the only one to notice that the first presentation, by Bank Leumi chairman Ernst Japhet, on the yekkes' economic contributions, was 20 minutes late getting started.

Japhet, of course, never showed up. His Hebrew speech was finally delivered for him by Viktor Bach, formerly of Leumi, now manager of the General Mortgage Bank.

THE JAPHET-Bach speech contained very few facts which I didn't already know, and probably none at all which the yekke audience didn't know. One thing I wasn't in on was that the great immigration of 1933-39, numbering 280,000 people, was composed mainly of Jews from Poland, Rumania, Hungary and the Baltic states; only a quarter were German-speakers from Central Europe.

Yet the fact that I've always thought of this Fifth Aliya as the yekke aliya shows, perhaps, that although numerically they were a minor portion of it, the yekkes provided the dominant flavor and significance. Perhaps they did this thanks to their character, perhaps thanks to the money and expertise they brought with them, perhaps both.

At any rate, as Bach said for the understandably-absent Japhet, if in 1933 the Jewish economy in Palestine was tiny and primitive, by 1939 it had taken off, and the yekkes

were largely responsible.

One of the last things Haim Arlosoroff did was to arrange that the Nazis not despoil the German Jews fleeing to Palestine, but allow the businessmen to take along a good deal of capital and machinery. The transfer agreement made it possible for yekkes to found Rasco and Ata, enlarge and modernize the ports of Tel Aviv and Haifa, establish Kfar Shmaryahu and Kiryat Bialik and Nahariya, intensify citrus production, build hotels, set up banks and insurance companies. It enabled them to help put the Jewish homeland on its economic feet at a time when the Palestinian Arabs, in their self-defeating way, were going on strike to protest against the great immigration and thereby forcing the Jews to become self-sufficient. The yekkes even founded the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange — laughter from the elderly but spry audience at this reminder.

There were vigorous nods of agreement at the concluding statement of Japhet's speech: "The aliya from Central Europe was one which not only financed itself, but promoted the economy here." No questions were asked when the chairman, Professor Shlomo Simonsohn of TAU's Institute for Diaspora Research, which co-sponsored the symposium with the Association of Olim from Central Europe, threw the floor open.

NOR WERE there any questions after the speech by Moshe Landau,

retired president of the Supreme Court, on yekke contributions to the Israeli legal system.

Landau first went back to before 1933. He recalled that between the Balfour Declaration and Hindenburg's request to the man with the comic mustache to form a government, 2,048 German Jews moved from the *waterland* to the Land of Israel. They had no reason to do this except presence and ideology. But when Hitler became chancellor and caused the minds of many more Jews to think about leaving Germany, the 70,000 who came here were lucky to find at least a few of their own kind who had blazed a trail when it was a matter of choice.

Among the more famous of the true Zionists from Germany were Dr. Moshe Wallach, who arrived in 1891 and founded the Sha'are Zedek hospital in Jerusalem in 1902; Arthur Ruppin, who came in 1908 and was responsible for agricultural settlement in the Land of Israel for 30 years; Pinhas Rosen, who made aliya in 1923 and was the first Israeli minister of justice; and Gershon Scholem, who left Berlin for Jerusalem in 1923 and created the scientific study of Jewish mysticism.

Among the pioneers was also Moshe Smoira, a jurist who came here in 1922 from Königsberg and who, as a lecturer at law school in the time of the Mandate and later first president of the Israel Supreme Court, taught a generation of Jewish lawyers and judges, Landau in-

cluded, what a reputable and independent legal system on the rim of Asia should be.

Three thousand of the yekkes who came here as refugees from 1933 onwards were lawyers. Half of them decided, or were obliged by circumstances, to ditch their profession and become farmers. The 1,500 who stuck it out, Landau recalled, had to cope not only with a legal system which was a mishmash of Asiatic corruption and Anglo-Saxon common law, but also with a horrible tendency among the Zionist élite of Eastern European origin, who cut their teeth in revolutionary struggle and considered the law, any law, something to be flouted or gotten around.

The great contribution of the yekkes, said Landau, was to struggle with some success against this tendency, to teach and practice respect for the law and prepare the way for Israel's independent judiciary.

The Israel of today owes a debt to those yekke lawyers and judges. But they in turn were indebted, Landau pointed out, to the school system of the Good Germany, which imbued them with those same clichéd attributes which I was trying to forget about earlier, and which he now named as indispensable virtues: discipline, trustworthiness, precision, humanness, prudence. Without these, he declared to his intensely attentive listeners, there could be no law.

"The yekkes are slowly leaving the stage, but their legal contributions survive," he summed up with optimism. "In their place a new generation of yekkes is rising, defined not geographically but temperamentally. They will carry on the yekke tradition in our country at a time when the values of that tradition are under attack from all sides."



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LANDAU had brushed one of the secret themes of the symposium. It wasn't until after the next speech, however, that they started erupting into the open.

Professor Hermann Steinitz of Hadassah-Tel Aviv spoke about yekke physicians. Though during the Weimar Republic Jews were less than 1 per cent of the German population, they were 12 per cent of the doctors. And in the large cities and best clinics, they were as much as 30 per cent.

Overnight, in 1933, they were out of work and virtually without income — Steinitz, who was in charge of an old office for Jewish doctors in Berlin, revealed that most of them had blown their salaries on swell cars and fancy houses.

One thousand out of the 6,000 Jewish MDs in Germany in 1933 ended up in Palestine, where suddenly the patient/doctor ratio became the wonder of the world. Those who were famous or lucky, like the three Zondek brothers, got jobs. Some who weren't had to abandon medicine. Few were made welcome by the Histadrut's Kupat

Holim. But even in those hospitals like Hadassah in Jerusalem and Beilinson and Hadassah in Tel Aviv, where so many yekkes got employment that German became the working language, they didn't have an easy time, in spite of their superior training and experience.

The trouble seemed to be broadly cultural. Many, perhaps most, of the German Jewish refugee doctors felt out of place for years in the Land of Israel, and at least part of the reason was the reigning ethos and style and language of the Zionist élite from Eastern Europe. If the yekkes succeeded in modernizing medicine here, as Steinitz said they did, it wasn't always with the full support and sympathy of the socialist, Yiddish- and Hebrew-speaking powers that were.

OLD, OLD wounds and grievances, these, but still remembered clearly and still evidently painful. Steinitz's speech, which was not in the least bitter, touched off a bit of back-and-forth with the audience on the two secret themes of the symposium: namely, the attitude of the Zionist élite toward the German refugees, and the failure of Israeli society to model itself according to yekke values and thus preclude the current mess.

Professor Simonsohn, dry and to the point, tried to put things into historical perspective for several agitated questioners. After all, he told them, it was in Eastern Europe that Herzl made his fiercest con-

verts, and it was they who came here first and started building the country. True, there were also some Germans who moved up to Zion before Hitler, but not many. Considering that they came late, and as refugees rather than ideologues, the yekkes have had a disproportionate influence for the good.

Although the atmosphere remained cheerful throughout, some in the audience were plainly unmollified.

IT WAS lunch-time. Out on the fine campus, the healthy, lively, blue-brown- and chony-eyed young people were gazing at the front page of *Yediot Aharnot* and cursing Aridor, Begin, Sharon and Jabotinsky.

There was never any doubt in my mind that the yekke pioneers and refugees, whatever their attributes, had a disproportionate influence for good in this country. As a gentleman of the press, I realized that I had been invited in order to publish this truth, and I'm happy to do it. I was wondering, however, not about the contributions of the yekkes, but about their psycho-history, individual and collective.

It was a topic for another symposium. How did it feel to have your world collapse around you? How did it feel to flee to a fly-blown corner where the Jewish fanatics in clodhoppers and short pants, whom your father may have ridiculed back in Europe as *Ostjuden*, got their own huck by looking at you askance? How did it feel knowing that to

speak German, your beloved German, on the street in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem or Haifa was to court unpleasantness? How did it feel to have a reputation for being soft on the Arabs? How did it feel to be certain that there was a Good Germany, a Germany of Thomas Mann and Marlene Dietrich, when other Jews believed it was all evil? How did it feel to be regarded more as Germans than as Jews?

How did it feel, later, to be regarded by the Israelis and Moroccans who followed as the quintessential type of the Ashkenazi? How did it feel to be thought the recipient of West German reparations cheques, whether or not you were getting those things? And how did it feel, how does it feel, to try to communicate with your *sabra* grandchild?

ALL THAT was for another symposium, or a whole series of symposiums. There were still too many contributions in other fields which had to be covered in the afternoon sessions, devoted to the natural sciences and education — yekkes were no less outstanding and productive in the Land of Israel as scientists and teachers than as jurists and healers. Without a doubt, yekkes excelled and led the way in everything but politics and war.

Some of the other fields in which they distinguished themselves and advanced the Zionist enterprise were indicated in retired Supreme Court justice Haim Cohn's speech

in the evening. It was advertised as "festive," and Cohn arrived 45 minutes late to give it. The speech was in his usual elegant Hebrew, half necrology, half tribute to the virtues of his fellow yekkes dead and alive.

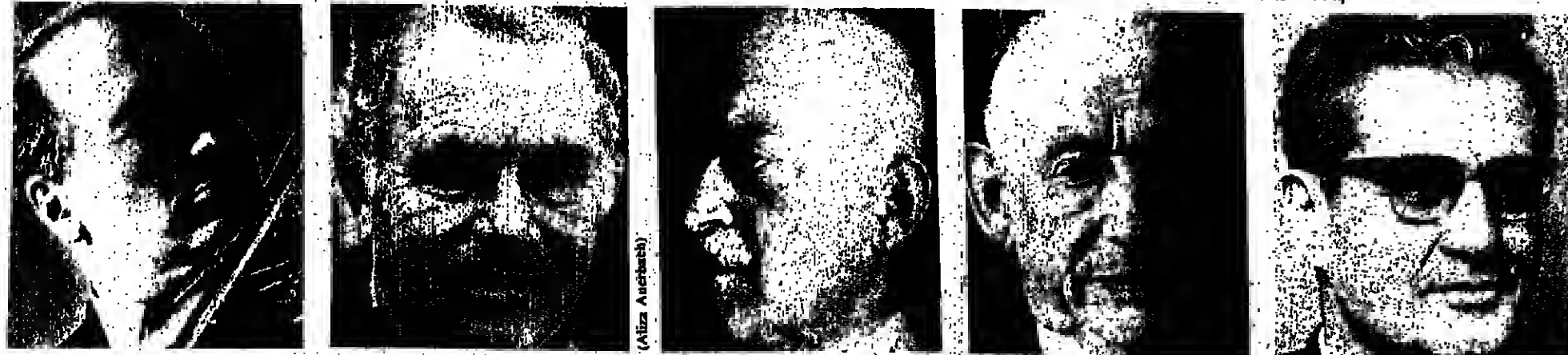
Just a few of the names and fields he noted were Martin Buber and Ernst David Bergmann in philosophy; the Schocken family in publishing and journalism; Max Brod, Else Lasker-Schüler, Yehuda Amichai in literature; Erieh Mendelssohn in architecture; and Brimslaw Huberman and Josef Tal in music.

These were some of the German Jews, part of what Cohn termed "an aliya of fear and despair," who came here hearing the best values of a humane civilization and contributed generously to a new civilization which badly needed, and still badly needs, to absorb these values.

Above all, Cohn said, we needed and need a passion for order, since order is the prerequisite of civilization. Order is a frame of mind, expressed by, among other things, promptness and cleanliness. If order, promptness and cleanliness are the attributes of yekkes famous and obscure, so be it. "Yekke is no insult," Cohn told his amused, enraptured audience. "On the contrary, I've always taken it as a great compliment, and you should too."

Did I only imagine that there was a wry edge to his defiant words? And so the symposium ended. □

(Top of page) Berlin's Potsdamerplatz, as it was in 1930. (Below, from left) Bratislaw Huberman, Yehuda Amichai, Shlomo Schocken, Gershon Scholem, Ernst Japhet.



(From left) Josef Tol, Ernst David Bergmann, Haim Cohn, Prof. Shlomo Simonsohn, Pinhas Rosen. (Top right) Tel Aviv bus in Thirties, when yekkes came to Israel.



هكذا من الأصل

(CONSIDERING) the great current rage for contemplating one's roots, I can't think of a better site for having a look than Tel el-Oreimeh, as the Arabs have long called it, near Tabgha at the northern end of Lake Kinneret.

The tel is, in all probability, the site of the biblical city that the King James version transliterates as Cinneroth. In the days of Pharaoh Thutmose III, in the 15th century B.C.E., transliterated from hieroglyphics, it came out something like K(e)-n-na-ra-tu. At that time, it was one of 119 Canaanite towns in this region conquered by the Egyptians, and there is a huge inscription at Karnak, in Upper Egypt, to prove it. In the Book of Joshua, the city is listed as one of those apportioned to the tribe of Naphtali, with the northern border possibly at the Litani River.

Cinneroth apparently dominated the area from the 16th century B.C.E. until its destruction in 732 B.C.E., and gave its name to the lake and the surroundings. Isn't this a more venerable place for root treatment than Brooklyn, Casablanca, or even Vilna? And who is to say that Cinneroth is not where your family started, or that of your spouse, or your neighbor?

Whether you decide to go back to the Hebrews of the patriarchal age, camping in the area, or to the Israelis of the conquest and the tribal ultimata, your ancestors knew that there were incessant wars here. In the 9th century, Ben-Hadad, King of Damascus, smote... all Cinneroth, with all the kind of Naphtali (I Kings, 15), and about a hundred years later the Assyrian conqueror Tiglath-Pileser III, whose name your forefathers knew well even if you do not, swept the entire population off to captivity.

ON THE OLD question of where the name "Kinneret" comes from, Mendel Nun's authoritative book *Hakhinneret* devotes an entire scholarly chapter to the problem, including an Ugaritic epic and a Talmudic exercise based on an Aramaic fruit name.

Personally, I have never been happy with the theory that the lake is shaped like a harp (*kinor*). I was therefore delighted to learn from the little book *Galilee, the Sacred Sea* by R. de Haas (hard to find but worthwhile) that an archeologist no less notable than William Albright believed that it was not the lake but the silhouette of our tel that resembled a harp: "When looked at from the south, it bears a striking resemblance."

If you really want to amaze your friends, tell them that the *Magazine of the German Society of the Holy Land* published five sketches, more than 30 years ago, comparing the profile of Tel el-Oreimeh with a harp.

Here it might be mentioned that archeology no longer seems the "national pastime." Visiting journalists still love the cliché, and tourists dutifully murmur that it is "fascinating," but for most of us the has been superseded by stock exchange prices or pop songs. Clusters of remain of well-informed addicts of all ages, but they are vastly outnumbered by the rest of us who are dim about Middle Bronze and Iron Age II. In our Cinneroth story, we may therefore be grateful for such small mnemonic favours as that both our Thumoses and our Tighlath-Pileser are numbered III.

I also realize that offering a place like Cinneroth as a root site runs counter to the present style (with its political advantages) of emphasizing the glories of the Diaspora, for this

Roots with a view

The Post's HELGA DUDMAN finds cause for reflection in a visit to the remains of a biblical city on the shores of the Kinneret.



suggestion goes back to the now discredited Ben-Gurion approach, which leapt across 2,000 years of Brooklyn, et al, and went straight back to the Bible. Nor is this any sort of plug for the late Canaanite movement. It is just that there is so much in favour of Kinneret as a root nursery that I present the suggestion

in spite of the dangers. An archeological expedition from the University of Mainz, in West Germany, has now completed two seasons here, this summer and last; earlier German groups worked on exploratory digs in 1911, 1932 and 1939. The director of the present expedition is Professor

Volkmar Fritz, whose field is the Old Testament and whose Hebrew is fluent. He first came to Israel in 1964 on a scholarship to the Hebrew University and studied Hebrew at Ulpan Etzion, where I can only assume that he was a prize student. He has worked with Professor Yohanan Aharoni, whom he greatly admires, in Arad, Lachish, and Beersheva, and was a member of the joint Mainz-Tel Aviv University expedition to Tel Masos in the Negev.

Camp manager this year — the 45 workers and volunteers stayed at the Karei Deshe Youth Hostel at Tabgha — was Eberhard Hopper, a post-graduate theology student. From what I have been told by those who have observed digs in the area for years, this one has been a model of efficiency and good spirits, so much so that volunteers from elsewhere observed with envy the atmosphere of friendly helpfulness.

The young children of Prof. Fritz, whose first name, Volkmar, is about as German as you can get, have been given the names Nava, Naomi, Miriam and Jonathan. He even taught them to dig, and he looks back fondly on the Jerusalem he knew as a student, "when the big news was that the fourth traffic light had arrived."

On the site, friendly and informal in old corduroy pants and a T-shirt, he hardly resembles a professor from Germany, and looks just right at the archeologist's sport of throwing pebbles down a shaft to pinpoint the ruins of an Iron Age citadel, or a portion of an 11-metre thick city wall.

FRITZ likes these very early periods because "you are uncovering what, until that moment, has been unseen and unknown." At the same time, he is acutely aware of what is happening above ground.

"You in Israel should learn from the mistakes we have made in Europe," he told me the day I visited the tel. Walking past the vestigial floor-plans of some villas a few millennia back, we came to a spill of dried concrete under a tree. "Look," said the professor with sorrowful indignation. "Some builder came here illegally, probably at night, and emptied out his mixer here."

To my jaded post-Canaanite eyes, it seemed a minor desecration compared to what goes on in the region today. On another part of the tel, near a different historical stratum, he pointed out a small, rusty arm, dump: again, it looked to me like an average Israeli picnic site.

Fritz was at work on the tel during the Lebanon war last summer. During the Six Day War, Stratum A was the site of anti-aircraft emplacements, and "Peace for Galilee" sounds ridiculous, considering the armaments that have surged past here since history began, without even counting the mini-wars between the city-states.

FROM ONE OF the tel's twin mini-peaks, which rise 87 metres above the lake, we looked down across where caravans once rolled along the Via Maris, the main trade route between the Mediterranean and Damascus, which forked off at some point to Egypt. The city — and military outpost — of Cinneroth once loomed strategically over this crucial route. Although "loom" seems hardly the word in a time of reconnaissance planes. Fritz thinks the old highway may have been somewhat closer to the lake than the present road to Roan Pina. In spite of the modest elevation,

the view from here is breathtaking, historically as well as scenically. Right below, deep underground, is the well-guarded heart of the National Water Carrier. Atar Sapir is instant archeology, since the above-ground installations are nothing compared to what is below. The Germans requested, and received, permission to dig at this sensitive site.

Pinhas Sapir is a long way from "the royal consort Teia," whose name is inscribed on an amulet found by an Arab boy in 1905, on the freshly-ploughed earth of the hilltop. She was the wife of Pharaoh Amenophis III (1411-1376 B.C.E.) — and what is easier, another III) and the mother of Amenophis IV, the heretical monotheistic Pharaoh whose rule preceded the era of Moses and the Exodus.

Further on into the view, and for a real change of pace, lie the ruins of Knopp's Pig Farm, recalled by old-timers as a model German pigery of Mandatory days. Its owner was murdered by an Arab in an argument over one schilling. A Mandatorian coin was the first one found during this year's dig, while on the day before my visit, a handsome, heavy bronze Hellenistic coin was unearthed, showing the touselled head of Ptolemy III.

In the other direction, along the road to Tabgha, the grave of a German soldier was still remembered in Mandatory days: he was killed by a bomb from an airplane while sailing on the lake during the retreat of the Germans and Turks in World War I.

Past Tabgha, on the shore and in territory owned by German and Italian churches, we see a stone outcropping and part of an old wall. This is "Mensa Christi," where churches have been built and rebuilt for centuries, marking a site where Jesus is supposed to have met seven of his disciples.

I HAVE POKED only very lightly into this high-grade historical humor, without shedding any light on the difficult problem of Jewish-Canaanite co-existence 125 or so generations back. As a hint in this direction, I have selected, from the expedition's well-organized photo collection, a little god, who was probably "the main Canaanite deity, consolidated with Yahweh," as Fritz put it.

He was found in the 8th-century level, but dates back to the 13th. He measures just about 10 cm., but was really taller because he was constructed to sit on a throne. As pictured here, encrusted with the dirt of millennia, he has a rakish, one-eyed look. What I saw was an elegant, cleaned-up version, dark and immaculate and definitely Semitic, a reproduction made by the German experts.

But none of this is spicy enough to stir a roots-in-Cinneroth fad in the media. (Remember Paradise Discovered near Afikim last summer? And already forgotten?)

What is needed, as suggested by a friend at Tabgha, is the discovery of some gossipy ancient letters from Moses' nurse back in Egypt to her friend stationed at the Egyptian outpost on the tel. There are, after all, Egyptian documents, papyrus and otherwise, mentioning the city, its conquest and the economic aid sent from Egypt to Cinneroth and other Canaanite cities in the region. One of these is in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. And to round out these inter-cultural connections: the geologist attached to the Mainz expedition is a born and bred Afghan — who, of course, speaks perfect German. □

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BENT — By Martin Sherman. Directed by Ian Ruman. Presented by the Haifa Municipal Theatre (with simultaneous translation into English). About the prosecution of homosexuals during the rise of the Nazis in Berlin in 1934. (Jerusalem Theatre, Saturday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.; simultaneous translation into English on Tuesday)

ICARUS — Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Tzfat Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SHELLSHOCK — By Yossi Hadari. Produced by the Haifa Theatre. Directed by Gedalia Resner. May about soldiers during the Yom Kippur War. (Khan Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SURVIVOR — Produced by the Haifa Theatre. Based on the autobiographical story by Jack Kasser. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday through Thursday at 11 a.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BED-KITCHEN, BED-KITCHEN — Comedy for one actress with Dina Doron playing 3 entirely different women. Written by Orit Furi and Franca Ruffa. Directed by Ilan Hlad. (Tzfat, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BUNKER — Produced by the Hahinukh Theatre. (Hahinukh, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

CAYALE ELENTHI'NIS — Produced by the Hahinukh Theatre. (Hahinukh, Large Hall, tomorrow at 6.30 and 9.30 p.m.; Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

DESIRE — Produced by the Hahinukh Theatre. (Hahinukh, Small Hall, Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOOD — By C.R. Taylor. Cameri production. Directed by Ilan Ruman. (Tzfat, tomorrow at 6.45 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.; Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

ISAW PEOPLE LAUGHING — With Edna Harel. (Tzfat, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MILKMAKERS — Presented by the Army Theatre Workshop. Written by Yigal Tzoref. Directed by Dudu Maayan. (Tzfat, tonight at 9 p.m.)

MUTINY — Based on the story by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Nula Chilton. About the big seamen's 1935 strike for democratic representation. (Heli Leshon, tomorrow, Monday through Thursday at 9 p.m.)

DANCE

Tel Aviv area

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY — With the Israeli Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Shalom Ronit-Riklis. Programme — Common Prayer, by Robert Cohen (world premiere); Bolero, by Igor Stravinsky. (Mann Auditorium, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAELI BALLET — In their programme *But of Dreams*, choreographed by Dvir: Introduction to Ballet, choreographed by Berta Yampolsky. (Beit Hahayal, Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Outdoor tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SCENT OF COOKING — Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. The story of a rich glutton. (Tzfat Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hershovitz. A Cameri Theatre production. (Cameri Theatre, tomorrow (with English translation), Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

SWENEY TOOD — Musical drama by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TENZI — Produced by the Beit Leshon Theatre. The story takes place around the hustling ruse. (Beit Leshon, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

YOSHE EGEL — By Y.J. Singer. Hahinukh Theatre production. (Hahinukh, Large Hall, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

DEVILS IN THE CELLAR — New Israeli play by Sammy Michael. Directed by Amichai Goren. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TENZI — (Haifa Auditorium, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

RED-KITCHEN, RED-KITCHEN — (Dalia, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; Rishon LeZion, Beit Tzvi, tomorrow at 8 p.m.; Safed, Sakur Community Centre, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF — Musical directed by Tom Abbot. (Dekel, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOOD — (Haram, Monday at 9 p.m.)

IDENTITY CARD — Directed by Tzvi Tzoref. About the life story of Israeli singer Avi Tzoref. (Upper Nazareth, Cultural Centre, tonight)

THE IDIOT — Detective comedy produced by the Lishon Theatre. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Hahayal, tonight at 10 p.m.; Petach Tikva, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LEAF — A Nezeretia Municipal Theatre Production. Directed by Dina Tcherenok. (Nezeretia, Municipal Theatre, tomorrow, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

PILOTS — Events in the lives of pilots after the occurrence of a dramatic event. Produced by the New Zedek Theatre Group. (Rishon LeZion, Beit Hahayal, tonight at 10 p.m.; Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SUITCASE PACKERS — (Carmiel, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.; Acre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

TROJAN WOMEN — Hahinukh production. (Givat Haim, Tuesday; Kiryat Shimon, Thursday)



The Israel Ballet in a scene from "Introduction to Ballet" at Beit Hahayal, Tel Aviv, on Tuesday afternoon.

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

JASPER PEDERSON — Guest pianist from Denmark, with the Jerusalem String Quartet — Rima Kaminkovskiy, violin; Yuval Kaminkovskiy, viola; Yoram Alperin, cello. (Tzfat, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

RECITAL — By students of the Dormition Abbey, playing organ, oboe and cello. Works by Bach, Paganini and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow)

Tel Aviv area

THE BEERSHEBA DUO — Sara Havon and Gert Herman, piano. Programme — Schubert: Piano music; Stravinsky: Capriccio; Milhaud: Sacramentum. (Tzfat, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ENSEMBLE HARMONIA — With Brendo Aloni, flute; Mario Simon, clarinet; Amelia Schubert, piano; music by Stravinsky, Capriccio; Milhaud: Sacramentum. (Tzfat, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Uri Segal. Soloist Benjamin Lubin, baritone. Programme of light classical music by Bizet, Rimsky-Korsakov, Krumpholtz; plus songs from musicals. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow)

ORGAN CONCERT — With Eliahu Rabinovitch, organ. Works by Bach and Ockeg. (Jaffa, tomorrow)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Larommo, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Songs by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hymn, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Walmsley, directed by Michael Schneider. (Mann, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — By Moti Ofrit. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Binyanei Haim, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Shmuel Aharon plays classical and flamenco pieces tomorrow and Tuesday. (Hilim Berta plays classical, jazz and Israeli folk pieces on Thursday. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yotz Salomon, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israeli dancers. (Palmach Theatre, folkdancers, international Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Eneke Raffin, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Wolgal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Sad Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nahlas Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

STAR IN THE CLOUDS — Children's theatre. (Beit Leshon, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE

Tzoharim folkdancers, folk singers, Khalifa drummers. (YMCA, Monday at 9 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON — Programme of songs. (Khan Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ORIGINAL MUSIC PLUS IMPROVISATION — With Ronnie Goss, guitar and piano; Avi Cohen, bass, guitar and cello; Alon, piano and wind instruments. (Tzfat, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilim, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE COUNTRY POOLS — Folk, blues and country music. (Tzfat, Monday at 9 p.m.)

DANNY BEN-ISRAEL — Songs we loved. (Aurora Hotel, poolside, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

GIDI GOV, YONI RECHTER — Programme of songs. (Tzfat, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

GILA ALMAGOR — Cabaret performance of songs on various themes. (Beit Leshon, Upper Celler, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Programme of songs (Tzfat, tonight at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Langford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilim, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

CAFE CONCERTO — Light classical music by various performers daily. (Sharon Hotel, Heratya, today at 4 p.m.-6 p.m.; Tuesday 5 p.m.-7.30 p.m.; all other days 5 p.m.-7 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — (Kiryat Haim, Beit Hahayal, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; Ashdod, today, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

GILA ALMAGOR — Cabaret performance of songs on various themes. (Carmiel, Mofat, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HANOVER — Programme of humorous and satire. (Hilim, Rina, tonight at 9.45 p.m.; Ashdod, Eshkol, Wednesday at 9.15 p.m.)

HANOCH ROSENNE — Pantomime programme. (Hilim, Mofat, tonight at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING — With pianist Ofer Portogalli and friends. (Ramat Hasharon, Yavot, 57 Ushikim, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

For last-minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1

Buses 18, 19, 20, Tel. 415067
 1st, Oct. 21
 Rebel Without a Cause 2 to
 Emmanuel 4, 30
 Sat. Oct. 22
 The French Lieutenant's Woman 7, 10
 The Graduate 9, 15
 Sun. Oct. 23
 The Graduate 9, 10
 Man, Oct. 24
 The Graduate 7, 10
 The French Lieutenant's Woman 9, 10
 Tue. Oct. 25
 [Finals 5, 30]
 Rebel Without a Cause 7, 15
 Emmanuel 9, 15
 Wed. Oct. 26
 Flash 5, 30
 Thunderbolt 7, 15
 Diamonds are Forever 9, 15
 Thur. Oct. 27
 Diamonds are Forever 7, 10
 Thunderbolt 9, 10

EDEN

2nd week
DAMA DO LOTACAO
 The Brazilian erotic film
 by Neel Dalmida
 Sat. 7, 9, weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

6th week
TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS
 Sat. 7, 9;
 Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
 Sat. 8, 10, MICHELANGELO
 Sun. Mon. Wed. Thur. 3, 30
TRON
 Tue. 8, 30, ANGI VERA

KFIR

6th week
FLASH DANCE
 Sat. 7, 9;
 Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE
 Sat. and weekdays 6, 45, 9, 15

ORGIL

J.C. SUPERSTAR
 Sat. 7, 9
 Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION

3rd week
 He's Out there
BLUE THUNDER
 Sat. 6, 30, 9
 Weekdays 4, 6, 30, 9

ORNA

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BAMBINO IN EGYPT
 Sundays - 15, 150
 Saturday 7, 9
 Weekdays 4, 7, 9

RON

2nd week
LOCAL HERO
 Sat. 7, 9; weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

VICTOR VICTORIA
 Sat. and weekdays 7, 9, 15

SMALL AUDITORIUM
 BINYENI HA'UMA
THE DRAUGHTS-MAN'S CONTRACT
 Saturday and weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

4th week



HEAT AND DUST
 The Great London hit
 Based on the novel
 by Ruth Praver Jhuthula
 * JILLIE CHRISTIE
 * GRETA SCACCI
 * SHASHI KAPOOR
 Sat. and weekdays 4, 30, 7, 10, 9, 30

BEN YEHUDA

Israeli Premiere



* KEN WOHL
 * RIP TORN
 Directed by Dan Siegel
 Tonight 10, 12, 15; Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

BETH HATEFUTSOH
 JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
 9th week
 Sun. Tue. 5; Mon., Tue., Thur. 8, 30

TELL ME A RIDDLE

CINEMA ONE

Israeli premiere
MAD MISSION
 Tonight 10
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

DRIVE-IN

Tonight 10, Sat. mid weekdays
 7, 15, 9, 30

TOOTSIE

5, 30 THE BLACK STALLION
 RETURNS
 Sat. and weekdays at midnight
 Rev. Film

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 office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
 12th week
BLUE THUNDER
 Tonight 9, 30, 12, 10
 Sat. 7, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 9, 30

CHEN 2
 12th week
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
 Tonight 9, 30, 12, 10
 Sat. 7, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 9, 30

CHEN 3
 24th week
SOPHIE'S CHOICE
 Tonight 10
 Sat. 7, 9, 30
 Weekdays 6, 40, 9, 30

CHEN 4
 12th week
CANNERY ROW
 Tonight 9, 30, 12, 15
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30
 Mat. 10, 30, 1, 30
 Life at Brinn

CHEN 5
 15th week
THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
 Today 10, 12, 15
 Sat. 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 10, 30, 1, 30, 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

ESTHER Tel. 225610

DAMA DO LOTACAO
 * SONIA KRAGA
 Adults only
 Tonight 10;
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

GAT

7th week
MY FAVOURITE YEAR
 * PETER O'TOOLE
 * JESSICA HARPER
 * MARK LINN BARKER
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

BEN YEHUDA 47, Tel. 244373
 10th and last week

ANOTHER WAY
 Sat. 7, 30, 9, 30
 Weekdays 5, 7, 30, 9, 30
 English subtitles

LEV I
 Dinegoff Center 3rd week 288063

LOCAL HERO
 Sat. 7, 45, 9, 30
 Weekdays 1, 30, 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

LEV II
 Dinegoff Center 4th week Tel. 288068

DAY OF ZINC
 Sat. 7, 45, 9, 30
 Weekdays 1, 30, 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

HOOD

9th week
BREATHLESS
 * RICHARD GERE
 Tonight 10, Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
 Sat. 7, 30
CERTAINES NOUVELLES

LIMOR

"MEL BROOKS' COMIC MASTERPIECE"
 - HOLLY APOSTOLU, SATURDAY REVIEW

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN
 * GENE WILDER
 * PETER BOYLE
 * MARTY FELDMAN
 * MADELINE KAHN
 Tonight 9, 45, 12; Sat. 7, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 9, 30

MAXIM

3rd week
 Tonight 9, 30
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

MOGRABI
 David's father brought him a home
 computer. He's used it to change his
 high school grades.



WARGAMES
 * BETTE MIDLER
 * DAVID ROWIE
 * TOM CONTI
 Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

ONLY

Israeli premiere
A DEADLY SUMMER
 Sat. 6, 45, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9, 30

PARIS

2nd week
 Israeli film
NAGUA
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7, 15, 9, 30

PEER

2nd week



MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE
 A film by NAHISA OSHIMA
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

SHAHAF

6th week
 Tonight 8, 45, 10, 30, 12, 30
 Sat. 7, 9, 11
 Weekdays 4, 15, 7, 15, 9, 30
FLASH DANCE
 Sat. 11 a.m.:
 CHAMPION ADVENTURERS

STUDIO

2nd week
 Tonight at 10
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 9, 30

DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID

TCHOLET

2nd week
THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY
 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

TEL AVIV

4th week
 Tonight at 10, 30
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

HIGH ROAD TO CHINA
 * TOM SELLECK
 * DESS ARABSTRONG

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

16th week
YOL
 Winners of "Golden Palm"
 Cannes, 1982
 Film by Yilmaz Guney
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

TZAVTA
 30 lbs. Girel, Tel. 28066
 24th week
 Sat. and weekdays 9, 30
 THE FILM "EIGHTY THREE"

ZAFON

TO BEGIN AGAIN
 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
 * ROBERT HOUSTON
 * KABI MAC
 In

MAD MISSION
 Saturday 6, 45, 9
 Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9

ARMON

WAR GAMES
 Sat. 6, 45, 9
 Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9

GALOR

10, 2, 6
 * ALAIN DELON
 * CATHERINE DENEUE
LE CHOC
 12, 4, 8

* KUN FU
 In

EXECUTIONER

MORIAH

9th week
TABLE FOR FIVE
 Sat. and weekdays 6, 45, 9

ATZMON



Adventure film
HIGH ROAD TO CHINA
 * TOM SELLECK
 * DESS ARABSTRONG
 * ROBERT MORLEY
 Sat. 6, 45, 9
 Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9

CHEN

FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE
 Sat. 6, 45, 9
 Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9

ORAH

* RICHARD GERE
 in a wondrous, emotional film
BREATHLESS
 Saturday 6, 45, 9
 Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9

ORION

TWO SISTERS
 6 nonstop performances
 Adults only

ORLY

HAIR
 Saturday and weekdays 6, 30, 9

PEER

5th week
FLASH DANCE
 Sat. 6, 45, 9
 Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9

RON

5th week
 First time in Israel
 Superhit 3-0
TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS
 Sat. 6, 45, 9; Weekdays 4, 6, 45, 9

SHAVIT

2nd week
NAGUA
 Sat. and weekdays 6, 45, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON

12th week
BLUE THUNDER
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 9, 30
 Mat. 4, 30
 CHARLOTTE WEB

LILY

9th week
BREATHLESS
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 7, 15, 9, 30

OASIS

HAIR
 Tonight at 10
 4, 7, 15, 9, 15

ORDEA
 2nd week
TABLE FOR FIVE
 7, 15, 9, 30

RAMAT GAN
 2nd week
TOOTSIE
 * DUSTIN HOFFMAN
 7, 9, 30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID
48 HOURS
 7, 15, 9, 15

TIFERET

3rd week
TOOTSIE

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL

WAR GAMES
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 4, 30, 7, 15, 9, 30

SAVOY

NOW AND FOREVER
 Tonight 10
 Sat. 7, 15, 9, 30
 Weekdays 4, 7, 15, 9, 30

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 Jerusalem through the Ages
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 Yishuv Court Museum, reconstructed
 Sephardi Synagogues, Western Wall.
 Sunday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian
 interest.
 Monday at 9, 30 a.m. - The Canaanite and
 Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and
 Mt. Zion.
 Wednesday at 9, 30 a.m. - The Greek and
 Roman Period in Jerusalem.
 Thursday at 9, 30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in
 Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.
 Tours start from Clindell Courtyard next to Jaf-
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 English.

Daily at 11, 30 a.m.; Friday at 9 a.m. - Jewish
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 Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to
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 Daily expeditions to old Jewish quarter of
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 landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448.



Valerie Kaprisky and Richard Gere in the new version of "Breathless," directed by Jim McBride.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANGI VERA - Fascinating study of in-
 duction by Hungarian writer-director Paul
 Gabor. The film centres on Veronica Papo
 (Angi), a student nurse orphaned by the Se-
 cond World War who is converted into an am-
 bitious Party member.
ANNE HALL - Woody Allen's personal
 film about the relationship between an ill-
 matched couple. Touching, humorous and
 totally convincing with the usual stock of ter-
 rific verbal and visual gags.
ANOTHER WAY - Hungarian film based on
 a novel of 34 years ago which was rumored to
 be autobiographical. About a woman who is a
 communist and a lesbian. Directed by Karoly
 Munk. The film has two levels - the personal,
 and the fight against Big Brother. Given where
 it is made, this film is almost revolutionary,
 and doesn't refer only to the past.
THE BLACK STALLION - Based on Walter
 Farley's popular novel series by the same
 name. This is the tale of a boy, a horse, a
 cowboy and a beautiful girl. Some of the
 most beautiful photography of boy, horse and
 scenery. A beautiful story of a boy and a
 magnificent scenery offer a top-of-the-line
 reprieve.
BLUE THUNDER - John Badham's film
 about a helicopter prepared as a tool by
 American right-wing government extremists
 against eventual terrorist activities at the 1984
 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Sick, profes-
 sional, amusing and entertaining. It portrays
 the struggle between good played by Roy
 Scheider, and evil played by Malcolm Mc-
 Dowell.
BREATHLESS - A modern American ver-
 sion of the first feature film by Jean Luc
 Godard. Underground director Jim McBride
 repeats the film without any of the
 characteristics that gave the original its un-
 queness. It is an upland American produc-
 tion, a typical Hollywood contrivance -
 everything duplicated here, so who needs
 it?
CANNERY ROW - A kind of mythical
 glorification of the simpler aspects of life by
 director Simon S. Ward. Beautiful
 camerawork by Sven Nykvist.
THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT - An
 amazingly intelligent 17th-century thriller,
 to be read at a multitude of levels, with in-
 terpretation touching every imaginable field,
 from social history to theory of aesthetics.
 Directed by Peter Greenaway with Janet
 Sorensen, Anthony Higgins and Anna Louise
 Lumbert.
EMMANUELLE - Polished and elegantly
 erotic - but really rather silly. - French film
 about a woman in Bangkok who encourages
 her wife (Sylvia Kristal) to sample all kinds of
 sex, with an aging cynic officiating over the
 final initiation. Well acted, and the colourful
 Thai background is fascinating. Directed by
 Just Jaeckin.
FINALS - A pappy-love yarn based on a
 book by best-selling youth market novelist
 Gail Koss.
FLASHDANCE - A mindless, flashy, banal
 movie of a 20-year old dancer. There is
 nothing beyond the purely fancy and super-
 ficial at all.
48 HOURS - The kind of picture that invites
 you to switch off your mind, follow the action
 and watch the plucky hero, enjoy the dialogue
 and the music and make remarks, laugh at
 the unconvincing situations, the two protagonis-
 tists, and forget it all as you leave the cinema.
THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN
 - Brilliant - if somewhat too intellectual -
 adaptation of John Fowles' novel by director
 Karel Reisz and playwright Harold Pinter.
 Meryl Streep is superb as the tormented,
 almost pathological Sarah.
THE GRADUATE - Daelin Hoffman and
 Katherine Ross find true love in the famous
 film about a dishevelled college graduate
 looking for meaning in life and love. Music by
 Simon and Garfunkel.
HAIR - Director Milos Forman has re-
 directed this 1968 Broadway musical into a
 highly entertaining, thought-provoking
 musical piece. Made in splendid color, excel-
 lent music, and a non-musical reminiscence of
 the days of J.F.K., acid, halitosis and the
 return of the hippies. A beautiful and
 franky looking kids trying to change the world.
 A reminder of America's lost innocence.
THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER - This
 Australian film is a faithful copy of a typical
 Aussie action movie. About a boy who is
 driven away from the mountains until he can
 return there as a man. Pure family entertain-
 ment with every dialogue and the scenery and
 horses are definitely in the boat seat.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE -
 Based on Laurence von der Poel's *The Seed and
 the Sower*, Japanese director Nag

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THIS WEEK IN ISRAEL
THE LEADING TOURIST MAGAZINE
IN ISRAEL

Up in arms

THEATRE

ters of national and social substance and on problems of morality in dealing with the enemy. The enemy is reduced to shells, their noise and impact. "Our" side is reduced to resentment against the war and the army, offset by the solidarity of companions in battle.

The style is naturalistic, close to documentary. This, no doubt, is the way they talk and behave, and we older people may perhaps learn something about the 20-year-olds of today. But it turns out that we have very little to learn and even that is quite superficial.

THE REAL-LIFE depiction of the front may appeal to many, especially the younger generation which recognizes its accuracy. But it hardly makes for complicated and profound theatre.

These plays may be suitable for small troupes of beginners who travel around the country, but the repertory theatres and their experienced actors should have outgrown the genre by now.

Shell Shock, Hadar's second play about the IDF, deals with a field hospital unit close to the front (presumably during the 1973 war) treating shell-shock cases, and with the attempt of a psychiatrist to get his "cases" back into action.

Hadar, himself a psychiatrist who has worked in the army, presumably knows his field. However, drama is less amenable to the presentation of a therapy process than almost any other kind of writing. All the hoary, basically hollow devices reappear

A SUCCESSFUL WAY of making a stir in the theatre is to attack your audience. There they are, combed, perfumed and washed behind the ears, cor keys in their pockets, credit cards snug in their little compartments, sitting targets. Opposite them on the stage are the actors, stripped for action, like loose-muscled athletes ready to let go, to say and do anything and give the customers the shock of their lives.

If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that one of the things that attracts us to the theatre is the thrill of being shocked, hurt, blimmed out and made to feel guilty and angry. What do we have to lose? When it is all over we go home, go to bed and wake up with our credit cards still there and hot water in the pipes waiting to be turned on.

This is a disappointing state of affairs for those theatre people who want their work to make a revolution. Occasionally, in the right circumstances, like the radical Sixties, they try to lead the audience into at least symbolic revolutionary acts (stripping naked, smoking pot, burning money), but usually the gap between the rhetoric of the stage and the constraints of life is immense. It can be jumped only in the mind.

The Jerusalem Community Theatre's *Behalut Ha-memot* (Panic This Time), given at the Khan recently, is a play, conceived in anger, levelled squarely at our guilt and calling for action. It is crudely written and performed, but it won

with a vengeance. Neseafé therapy, climactic moments not dramatically prepared for, the physician who becomes involved and who carries his own load of trauma around with him, the shunning of physical illness, the abject fear of death and injury breaking into every social situation — they all contribute to the feeling of *deja vu* for people with some phonygoing experience.

The actors do a good job, especially Michael Kfir as the psychiatrist, Shmuel Wolf as the medical orderly in charge of the unit, and Makram Khouri as one of the shell-shocked. But since all the parts are stereotypes, their efforts do not add up to much.

MUCH OF THE above can also be said about *Shuker*. On the face of it, these front-line soldiers waiting to be relieved are not sick, as in *Shell Shock*; but, deeper down, they are not very healthy either. Several of them are traumatized, mainly by experiences of abandoning friends or a husband.

Here the clichés are different: the bewildered parents, survivors of the Holocaust; the phrase-mouthing teacher, puny and ridiculous (do young subrars really despise their teachers so much?); the shallow love affair, in which a close friend who was killed in combat and whose body is still "out there" was involved. As a special bonus the girl friend, in one of the hallucination scenes, plays a ridiculously sexy Lady Chatterley.

The veterans, several of them quite young, play the stereotypes, i.e. themselves, quite well. I liked Uri Avrahami as private Siman Tov, the soldier with the knack of surviving.

If the lesson is that soldiers, even Israeli ones, are no heroes, that everyone is afraid in battle, and that unit companionship and solidarity sometimes outweigh the fear, then all this is true but not new enough, and far from the recesses of the human mind and heart. It is to be hoped that we are not on the verge of a new wave. □ URI RAPP

master becomes the bummer of up-rising, and hold up us a warning to no audience used to burying its head in the sand.

Community theatre foods directly on the lives and troubles of a specific group of people. It tends to grow out of the slums and, using amateur talent, it often succeeds in giving blunt expression to real grievances. As such, it disturbs the usual audience-stago relationship. We go, not to enjoy the art of the performance, but because we belong to the community, whose troubles are on display or because we feel guilty about being spared those troubles in our own lives. Either way the audience tends to be sympathetic and encouraging.

But all the sympathy in the world cannot save this performance from wasting its anger and energy. Based on it is on literature rather than on street experience, it tries to speak generally and authoritatively about social disaster. But it can't do this successfully because its tools of expression are poor. In the mouths of these amateur actors, anything that is not directly out of their own experience sounds empty and fabricated. So, ironically, their protest seems to seem false and we stop feeling guilty because Moshe Sulah and his collaborators let us off the hook unintentionally. They do this by showing themselves to be prisoners of revolutionary clichés and big words. This prison on one built but themselves. □

ZVI JAGENDORF

Home cooking



MATTERS OF TASTE/ Haim Shapiro

I BEGAN by cutting the meat into small pieces and adding a teaspoon of ground ginger, some pepper, a small glass of white wine, a pinch of sugar and a tablespoon of cornstarch. I used no salt because the kushered frozen turkey meat is usually quite salty as it is.

Meanwhile, I chopped up a couple of onions — not too finely — and prepared my wok for action. Traditionally the meat is grilled on little wooden skewers, but I felt I could take a few liberties.

I heated a little oil in the wok and mixed a tablespoon of oil into the turkey to keep it from sticking. I then stir-fried the meat until it was all quite brown, removed it from the wok and put it aside in a bowl.

Adding a little more oil to the wok, I then fried the onion until it was just soft and poured in a glass of wine, using the liquid to detach the residue. To this I added a pinch each of sugar and salt and two generous spoonfuls of peanut butter. I had it too been for the children, I would have fried a couple of chopped hot red peppers with the onion to give the sauce a bit of kick.

Once the sauce was fairly smooth, I added the cooked turkey and continued stirring over the fire, just long enough for the meat to reheat and became well-covered with the sauce. I served the dish with plenty of steamed rice.

In view of the fact that two of our three children turned up their noses and said ough (or a variation thereof), there was plenty to go around.

I dropped the greens into a pot of boiling water and removed them after a minute, rinsing with cold water to stop the cooking process. It was then blanched and drained greens which I later introduced to a little hot oil in the wok. After seasoning with salt, a pinch of sugar and a little vinegar, I continued cooking, stirring all the while, only long enough to ensure that everything was hot. I then removed the hot to a serving dish.

There was yet one more item which served as an all-purpose salad, chutney, or appetizer: a simple eggplant dish I learned to make in the army. The eggplant is first cut into small cubes and then fried with chopped onions and green peppers until it is quite well done. At the very end, I added a few finely chopped pickled cucumbers which served to transform the taste completely.

I didn't bother making dessert, since we had some leftover cake, which we served with coffee. Had I been forced to think of a dessert, and a budget-saving one at that, I would have opted for baked apples. To make them a bit fancier, core the apples and stuff the centre with chopped nuts and raisins. Sprinkle with a little sugar, cinnamon and margarine, place in a few centimetres of water or wine, and bake in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes. □

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Lesson on teachers

JOSEPH GALE, former contributing editor of *Dance Magazine* and a syndicated columnist in the U.S., was here on a visit earlier this year. He has sent me the two books he has written on dance. They follow avenues not usually explored by writers on dance. One deals with outstanding teachers, the other is a study of a minor but amazing character.

In *Behind the Scenes* (Dance Horizons, New York, 76 pp. \$12.95), he discusses seven teachers he considers great.

I have met only two of them personally, and can vouch for the power they projected in their different ways. He makes that quality in Muriel Stuart and Karel Shook palpable in his pages.

Perhaps his achievement will become clearer if I relate some of my impressions of these two. I was on a visit to New York, and had been tremendously impressed by a class given by the Russian (Jewish) balletmaster Kramarsky at the School of American Ballet (the studio of Balanchine's company, the New York City Ballet). I asked permission to attend the class again, and was told that he was away ill, that the class would be taken by Muriel Stuart, and I was welcome to visit it. I confess I had never heard of her, and the name did not inspire me to expect wonders. However, the School of American Ballet is a very special place so I attended Muriel Stuart's class.

A tall, slim, elegant elderly woman (she was too upright and beautiful to be called "old"), came into the room. Within minutes I was fascinated. Gale talks of her "lyricism" and says that "she floats about." That is how I would describe what I saw as I watched her demonstrate a movement, an attitude, a placement.

When I went back to the office, I asked about Muriel Stuart. "She danced with Pavlova," said a secretary. So that was it. Despite the general notion of her, Pavlova was more than a ballet star. She was interested in all forms of dance, and in other arts too.

Gale quotes Stuart: "We took lessons in Indian dance when we were in India. We took lessons in Japanese dance in Japan. She took us to see museums and exhibitions." Stuart was one of eight girls whom Pavlova had chosen to train.

I have also met Karel Shook, another of Gale's chosen teachers. When I visited the Dance Theatre of Harlem some three years ago, he was co-director, with Arthur

DANCE Dora Sowden

Mitchell, of the school and company, and very much involved in teaching, directing and in administration. (Mitchell came here with the Harlem company but not Shook.)

I didn't see this silver-haired, well-built man give a class. I watched a rehearsal by Mitchell and a class by Tanaquil LeClerq — a miraculous class given from a wheelchair — but in conversation Shook was friendly, even warm. He didn't at all have "a cool and rather impersonal manner" as Gale describes him. Yet Gale's analysis of how Shook teaches is a lesson in itself.

The five other teachers studied by Gale are Margaret Craske, Leon Dunielion, Felia Doubrovskaya, Valentin Pereyaslov and Hector Zuraspe.

GALE'S SECOND BOOK is *I Sang for Diaghilev* (Dance Horizons, New York, 90 pp. \$14.95), subtitled *Michel Pavloff's Merry Life*. Gale says his book is "an affectionate tribute" to the memory of a dancer, singer, mime and entertainer, who died in his 91st year and who had been in the Diaghilev company for 13 years. He was a minor character but an exceedingly lively one.

"He stumbled into the greatest ballet company on earth," writes Gale, and for the rest of his life moved among the great and famous. Though, as Gale says, his recollections "do nothing to alter ballet history," they do throw some curious light on some corners — on Pavlova's sex life, for instance — and all the anecdotes make delightful reading.

Michel Grigorovich Pavloff, né Liberson, was born into a Jewish family of six boys and three girls. All his brothers and sisters took up learned professions. He was the only one who worked in the theatre. He began as an extra in the Kiev Opera, where he had singing and dancing lessons. He was 25 when he joined Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, after leaving Russia to escape military service.

When Diaghilev died, Pavloff (who took the name suggested by Diaghilev) was left rootless like other members of the company. He then had various jobs; he worked as a nightclub entertainer, and as a stage manager for spectacles. He

dined czardas, polkas, mazurkas, kazotkes, and unused even such great dancers as Balanchine, Danikva, Dolin, Lifar, Nemchin and Pavlova, who visited the Casanova in Paris. When the Casanova turned down, he made his way to the U.S., where he became a ballet master, manager, impresario and whatever else came to hand, and made many friends.

One story involves his Jewish origins. When Diaghilev pulled strings to get him an Italian visa, it emerged that his name was Liberson, and that he was Jewish. He thought Diaghilev might reject him but (in Pavloff's words) Diaghilev said "Don't worry, because my good friend Leon Bakst (the brilliant set designer) is Jewish and Ida Rubinstein our dancer is Jewish... It's all right, but don't talk to anyone about it."

Another story describes the fear he felt when he went to Russia with a *Holiday on Ice* show, and met Khrushchev, who wanted him to remain in Russia.

There are stories about Nijinsky, Edith Piaf, Sophie Tucker, Isadora Duncan and Frank Sinatra. They all of them fascinate.

THE KINERET Publishing House has issued a sumptuous desk diary for 1983-84, based on Israeli theatre and dance, and handsomely illustrated with photographs, stage designs and costume sketches by well-known artists. On the glossy hard cover is Ruth Dar's design for Madame Alexandra in Jean Anouilh's *Colombe* (Habimah, 1971). Produced and edited by Debbie Leon, the text is in Hebrew and English, with notes on the theatres, and lists of productions and companies. The first inside picture is of Reda Sheta and Jeannette Ordman in Gene Hill Sagan's *Golden Moment*, presented by the Bat Dor Dance Company.

The diary devotes half a page to a day. Its owner may spend more time looking at the illustrations than on filling in the diary.

THE VISIT of the Joyce Trisler Dance Company, which was to have taken place this month, has been cancelled.

A correspondent points out that Joyce Trisler herself died three years ago. The company, however, continues, with Milton Myers as artistic director. Various works by Myers and other choreographers have been added to the repertoire, that still includes Trisler works. □

Maayani's mix



MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

ANI MAAYANI's list of compositions includes very new the beginning, some 20 years back, a Mediterranean concerto, and his latest work, which was given its world premiere by the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra this week, is called *Mediterranean Scherzo*. This indicates his preoccupation with a style which has been declared by many as signifying the earliest stage in the development of Israeli music but one already destined to be only an historic relic. For the majority of contemporary composers in Israel, "Mediterranean" is as dirty a word as "Zionism," or "Pioneering" for other people.

The Mediterranean style was evolved in the Thirties and Forties by composers who came from Europe and intended to create a new national style in musical composition. Paul Ben-Haim, Odedo Partos (in his earlier days), Alexander Uriah Hosenfeld, Menahem Avdon, Mare Lavry, and many others came under the spell of Oriental liturgical chant and folkloric as performed by Bracha Zefira, of the Yeminite Inbal dance group under Surah Levy-Tanal, Sephardi *Ranancera*, with Yitzhak Levy as its best-known interpreter. They were fascinated by the chants and dances of folklorists from Bukhara, Persia, the Atlas Mountains, Djehra, and many other communities gathered in Eretz Yisrael during these early decades.

The composers experimented at combining this *melos* from the Near East and North Africa with European compositional techniques performed by Western instruments, put into forms of the Romantic era and using modes of ancient origin, in order to avoid the major/minor harmonies and scales as practiced in the West. This resulted — to put it in a nutshell — in the Mediterranean style.

Not satisfied with this, he went to Tel Aviv University in 1969 to study philosophy, obtaining his M.A. with a thesis on "The Philosophy of Music: Studies in the Aesthetic Theories of Hegel, Schopenhauer, Wagner and Nietzsche." In addition to directing the National Youth Orchestra, the Tel Aviv Municipal Orchestra and the Technion Orchestra at various times, Maayani was chairman of the Israel Composers' League from 1970 to 1973, and assumed that post again in 1980. From 1975 to 1980 he was assistant to the head of the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem, and is now a professor there, teaching — among other subjects — composition, orchestration and philosophy. This year he began teaching at Tel Aviv University's Rubin Academy as well.

THE GREAT changes in the aftermath of World War II; the fact that many younger composers and students went to the United States and Europe to study; and, in general, the various developments in Western contemporary compositional schools and techniques familiarized by radio and TV, evoking curiosity in many, opening the door to new paths for others — all these caused a complete reorientation in our composing community. Mediterranean style was relegated

to the back room as "old hat," and 12 tones, serial atonality clusters and electronic devices became the tools for the young generation of composers and the few who tried to keep up with the Jnnesses. Maayani is one of the few who still thinks that this kind of symbolism is not only feasible but the best and most typical expression of the cultural expression of our new society, our new statehood and national existence in the realm of serious music.

Asked why he studied the three disciplines enumerated above, he explained that music makes one

hear, architecture makes one see and philosophy makes one think.

AT HIGH music always came first for him, he practiced as an architect for over 10 years. His compositions started to appear in 1959, and have continued to swell his ever-growing catalogue unintermittently.

He has written for practically every instrument and combination, although he has shown an exceptional partiality for the harp. Actually, one of his first compositions was a concerto for harp and orchestra — which, by the way, was chosen as the obligatory work of the Israel International Harp Contest in 1965, and again at the contest in Hartford, Conn. four years later. His *Toccata for Harp Solo* was the set piece at the second harp contest in Israel in 1962, his second impromptu for piano (1976) was chosen as the set piece for all contestants at the Fourth Arthur Rubinstein competition in Tel Aviv this spring.

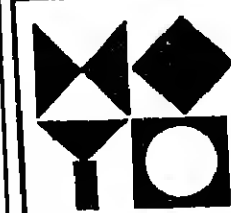
THIS WEEK, the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra premiered his *Mediterranean Scherzo* in its subscription series and is taking it on its European tour as the representative Israeli work. This is only one of many works commissioned from Maayani, and many are the prizes and awards his *oeuvre* has brought him. The Engel Prize in 1963, the prize of the Education and Culture Ministry in 1964, the Kol Yisrael prize in 1973, the Akum Prize in 1974, a prize for his *Symphonic de Requiem* which he wrote for the Holocaust Competition held by the Hecht Foundation of Haifa in 1978, are only some of the milestones on his way to success and acceptance. There have been many recordings of his music, and most of his scores are published by the Israel Music Institute, Israeli Music Publications, and Lyra, the New York music publishers.

Maayani's three symphonies and some of the larger works still await performances, though other pieces can be heard from time to time in our programmes. His *Sinfonietta on Hebrew Popular Themes*, written for and dedicated to Mendel Rodan, was premiered last year by the Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheva. Taking many subjects from the Bible and the liturgy (*Teanu, Mizmarim, Regalim, Qumran, The Song of Solomon, The War of the Sons of Light against the Sons of Darkness*) he also ventures into other traditions: for example, he has written two song cycles, *Yiddish Lider* for female voice and orchestra, based on Yiddish texts but with his own tunes.

Chamber music and, of course, many pieces for harp or combinations with harp, round out this catalogue. His sister Ruth took up the study of that instrument under her brother's influence. She now performs his music (as well as other repertoire) as a soloist and with chamber music groups, helping to spread love of and appreciation for the royal harp.

Maayani's music is by no means experimental or seeking originality at any price. Sometimes one has the feeling that there are too many notes in his scores (in his own beautiful handwriting, reflecting his feeling for architectural design and precise drawing), but his music creates moods and atmosphere, always evoking respect for his integrity and unflinching adherence to his beliefs. He is guaranteed an honourable place in the mosaic of Israeli music in evolution. □

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The Tip of the Iceberg no. 2: New Acquisitions of Israeli Art
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EVENTS

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Saturday, October 22 at 20:30
"MICHELANGELO" Dir. Carlo L. Ragghianti; music: J.S. Bach. Festivals and awards: Leningrad, London, Moscow, Venice.

CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., Oct. 23; Mon., Oct. 24; Wed., Oct. 26; Thurs., Oct. 27 at 15:30
"TRON" — a new Disney production

CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR (in English)
Monday, October 24 at 18:00
To be given by Barbara Roth, 7-9-yr. olds (with children's participation)

FILM
Tuesday, October 25 at 18:00 & 20:30
"ANGI VERA" (Hungary 1978) Dir. Pal Gabor; Veronika Pepp, Tamas Dunai

SPECIAL SCREENING
Saturday, October 28 at 20:30
"MONTFARNASSE 19" (France 1967) Dir. Jacques Becker; Gerard Philippe, Anouk Aimee. Biography of young Jewish Italian Modigliani

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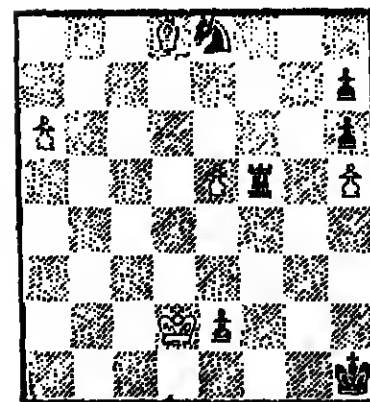
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CHESSE

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3143
V. BRON, USSR
1977



White to play and win (5-6)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3141 (Continued). 1.Nb1! 11.Nc7! Kh8 12.Nb5 Rd3 13.Kc2 h6 14.Kc3 Nc4 15.Nc7! Rd1 16.Bd4! Ka8 17.Kc2 Rg1 18.Nd1! Rg5 19.Bc4! Re5 20.Nd5 Re4 21.Kf3, and wins.

BRUK WINS JUNIOR TITLE
SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Ofer Bruk of Tel Aviv won the 1983 Israel Junior Championship, held in Beersheba, by scoring 10 points in

12 games. Tied for second were Ronen Lee, 15, from Hod Hasharon and Gad Rechish, 17, from Beersheba, with 9½ points each. Rami Soffer, 18, of Giv'atayim was next on the list with 9 points.

RAMAT HASHARON FESTIVAL. FORMER Israel junior champion Ran Shaitai of Ramat Gan won the main tournament of the Ramat Hasharon Festival, scoring 5 points out of 7 games. Tied for second were national masters Nir Grinberg, Yehiel Stepan, Yehonatan Afek and Victor Mamejevich, with 4½ points each; they were followed by Jorje Cuellar, Ya'acov Murey, Moshe Cna'ani and Horatio Volman, with 4 points each.

The secondary tournament was won by 15-year-old Dany Barash from Ramat Hasharon with 6 points out of 7 games in a field of 44 players. The Open Junior tournament was won by Zohar Shapira from Ramat Hasharon.

BUDAPEST M.T.K. BEATS BEERSHEBA

THE FIRST round of the European Cup brought together Israel's champions, Beersheba, with Budapest M.T.K. in a match held in the Hungarian capital. The strong home team won 7-5. On the top board, Alon Grinfeld lost twice to IGM Lajos Portisch.

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Kf2; Qe5; Re2; Bg2; Nc2; Pe5; f4; h3. (8). Black — Kh7; Qh1; Rd8; Be7; Nf6; Pe6; f7; h6. (8). Black to play.

1... Nc4! 2.hg Bh4 3.Kf3 Rd3 4.Re3 f4! 5.Kc4 Rd5! and Black wins. (Rumyantsev — Rosenthal, USSR, 1983).

ART OF ATTACK

White — Kg3; Qe7; Ra1; Rf1; Bg4; Pa4; b2; c3; e5; g2; h2. (11). Black — Kg8; Qb6; Rd2; Rf5; Bf7; Pa7; h7; g7; h7. (9). Black to play.

1... Qc3 2.Rf3 (2.Bf3 g5!) 2... Rd3 3.Bf3 (3.gf g5) 3... g5! 4.Qb4 14.Qf4 (Qf2) 4... Qc5 5.Kh3 h5! 6.Rh1 Be7 7.g4 hg. White resigns. (Westerman — Frias, Lucerne, 1982).

ENDGAME FINESS

White — Ke3; Pb4; c4; g2; h4. (5). Black — Ke5; Pb7; bh; f6; g5; h5. (6).

1.g4! hg 11... — gh 2.g4 Kf5 3.c5, and wins! 2.h5 f5 3.h6 f4 4.Kf2. Black resigns. (Kosek — Seglinsh, Riga, 1982).

GEORGIEV WINS WORLD JUNIOR

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Kiril Georgiev became Bulgaria's first-ever world champion by sweeping through the 62-player 1983 World Junior Championship with a brilliant score of 11½-1½. Georgiev was never in any real danger, and led

from the start. In second place was 19-year-old Valery Salov of the USSR with 10½. IM Abdul Saeed of the United Arab Emirates, age 16, came in clear third with 9. His result is the best evidence yet of the slowly increasing strength in chess of the Arab countries. Tied at 8½ points were 18-year-old IM Nigel Short of England, and 18-year-old Igor Stohl of Czechoslovakia.

Israel's Alon Grinfeld was among the seven players who were tied at 8-5, including IM Max Dlugy of the U.S., and World Cadet Champion Borev of the USSR.

GEORGIEV **DLUGY**
1.d4 d5 2.c4 d4 3.Nf3 Nf6 4.c3 e6 5.Bc4 c5 6.0-0 a6 7.Qe2 b5 8.Bb3 Bb7 9.Rd1 Be7 10.Nc3 0-0 11.c4 b4 12.d5! h3 13.d6 Qb6 14.c5! Ne4 15.c7 Kh8 16.c6 Bf6 17.Nc5! Qc7 18.Ng6! hg6 19.Rd3 Ng5 20.Bg5! Bg5 21.c7 Ne6 22.e8Q cb2 23.Qb2 Nd4 24.Rh3 Bh6 25.Qc3 Kh7 26... Qh1 Nf5 27.Qe5 Qd8 28.Qe1 Qg5 29.Rg3 Qf4 30.Qe5 Qh4 31.Rg6! Kg6 32.Be6 Qg5 33.g3 Qf6 34.g4 Qe5 35.Qe5 Ne7 36.Bf5! Kf7 37.Qe6 Kc7 38.Bg6 Kd8 39.Rd1 Bd5 40... Qd6. Black resigns.

NIKSIC 1983
KASPAROV's list of victims in Niksic included Larsen, Portisch, Seirawan, Petrusian, Ljubojevic and Ivanovic. This smashing result

should put Kasparov very close to, if not actually ahead of, Anatoly Karpov on the next FIDE rating list.

LJUBOJEVIC KASPAROV

1.e4 c5 2.Nf3 e6 3.d3 Ne6 4.g3 d5 5.Nbd2 g6 6.Bg2 Bg7 7.0-0 Nge7 8.Re1 h6 9.c3 h6 10.h4 a5 11.a4 Ra7 12.Nh3 d4 13.ed4 cd4 14.Bd2 c5 15.Nc1 Be6 16.Re2 0-0 17.Be1 f5 18.Nd2 f4 19.f3 g3 20.Bg3 g5 21.hg5 Ng6 22.g6 Bh6 23.Nf1 Rg7 24.Rf2 Be3 25.h3 Nf4. White resigns.

BREAKTHROUGH

White — Kf4; Rh1; Re2; Pa4; c4; d5; e4; f5; h3. (9). Black — Kd8; Bb7; Re5; Pa5; b6; c5; f6; g7; h5. (9). 1.d6! Kd7 2.Reb2 Kc6 3.d7 Kd7 4.Rh6 Re7 5.Rd1 Ke8 6.Rd5. Black resigns. If 6... Re-e7, then 7.Rb8 Kf7 8.Rd-d8, etc. (Gligoriev-Sanchez, Stockholm, 1952).

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Ke1; Qh6; Ra1; Rg1; Bf5; Ne4; Pa3; b2; c2; d3; f2; g5; h2. (13). Black — Kg8; Qg7; Re8; Rf8; Bd4; Be6; Na5; Pa7; c6; e5; f6. (11). 1.gf6! Qg1 2.Kd2. Black resigns. (Nei-Renter, Tallin, 1954.)

ENDGAME FINESS

White — Kc3; Rh7; Nf3; Pd4; f4; g3; h4. (7). Black — Kb6; Rd8; Ne5; Pd6; f6. (6). Black to play. 1... Rd3 2.Ke2 Rf3! 3.Kf3 b3. White resigns. (Kirilov-Domuls, Riga, 1983.)

BY THEMSELVES, the jack and nine are not an impressive pair. But that measure holding sometimes offers an opportunity for deceptive play, as in the layout below:

North
Q83
East
J9

South
K10764

South, the declarer, had to lead from dummy, and planned to finesse the ten. But the lead of the three, East — who had to show the jack next time in any event — played it immediately. West won the king with the ace. After winning the return in another suit, declarer "read" West's original holding as A 9 5 2. So he led the four, finessing the eight to East's nine. Without the deceptive play East was sure to lose the nine.

Deal 1
Love all

North
KQJ53
A
AKQ4
4753

West
49842
J7
8532
K62

South
76
KQJ103
1076
Q984

East
A10
986542
J9
AJ10

Knavish deception



BRIDGE/George Levinrew

The bidding:

West North East South
Pass 1♠ Pass 1NT
Pass 3♠ Pass 3NT
All pass

Today's first deal, from the American Contract Bridge League's Spingold teams-of-four, shows another deceptive play from the jack-nine.

West led a club to partner's ace. The return was the club ten to

South's queen and West's king. Now West followed with the lead of a club to East's jack, and East had a chance to shine. He played the diamond nine.

Declarer made the natural play of the diamond ten, winning the trick. He might have played small from his hand and won the trick with the queen, but did not think about it until it was too late. Declarer's play of the ten gave him entry to his hand when he didn't need it.

What next? South had four options:
□ To win a second diamond in dummy.
□ To play the club and discard the heart ace, and then take two heart tricks with the king and queen.
□ To play a heart to the ace.
□ To play on spades.

No wonder he was confused. Deciding to play for a 3-3 spade division, he was disappointed. After winning a diamond, he won the spade king which East ducked. Fearing that a low spade would give up a "cheap trick," he played the jack to East's ace. Now heart went to the ace. Declarer won two more diamonds and with only spades left in dummy, had to lose another trick. Down one.

The opening lead of the diamond nine certainly assisted declarer's confusion. How easy it was for declarer to make the hand, if he had won the first-trick with the queen.

Deal 2
Vul: both
North
AK
987
J7
KQJ1053
West
954
J10
10985432
South
KJ10632
K643
6
A7
The bidding:
West North East South
Pass 2♣ Pass 2♠
Pass 3♠ Pass 4♠
All pass

ANOTHER inspired lead came in this deal from the Spingold. West led the diamond deuce, which East won with the king. If the lead was the fourth best, South was marked with five diamonds in his hand. This was not likely, considering the auction. Therefore the lead had an unusual message. As an unnecessarily low card, it called for the lead of a club. East won the diamond and returned the club nine. This unusually high card returned a message. West trumped the club and, obediently, played a heart to the ace. Another club lead was trumped and the contract was set one trick.

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For goodness snake



In a touching ceremony marking the 10th anniversary of the Yom Kippur War, Syrian militia trainees put on a show for Syrian president Hafaz Assad. Martial music reached a crescendo as Syrian teenage girls suddenly bit into live snakes, repeatedly tearing off flesh and spitting it out as blood ran down their chins.

As Assad applauded, the girls then attached the snakes to sticks and grilled them over fire, eating them triumphantly. Others then proceeded to strangle puppies and drink their blood.

The three major U.S. television networks, however, declined to televise the scenes claiming that they were "not newsworthy".

Your friends and relatives abroad want to know more about Israel and the Middle East; they should be reading THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION for a clearer understanding of issues, developments and trends here, on the clearer understanding of issues, developments and trends here, on the stories of a more serious nature as well as the more off-beat reports — 24 pages taken from the week's issues of THE JERUSALEM POST, Israel's only English-language daily. Order a gift subscription for someone who may be interested in Israel.

As I WATCHED the slits of the mob scenes in the hanks, on the week-end magazine and the subsequent newscasts during the week, it struck me that the hanks should change their signs to define the true nature of the queues. There should be just two, one marked "Suckers" and the other "Slickers."

The suckers are those who deal in shekels and dutifully pay their bills, like tax demands, electricity accounts, telephone and television dues; they take the advice of their hankers about how to invest their savings. The slickers are in the bank for only one reason — to buy dollars.

The Likud government has managed to cleave the nation once more into two camps, separated by a yawning chasm. They had already split us into the Greater Israelis and the Little Israelis; the obscurantists and the liberals; the Ashkenazis and the Sephardis; the hawks and the doves. The two new categories, suckers and slickers, cut across all previous divisions.

Throughout the crises that have wracked Israel during the last few hours, days, weeks and months, the suckers have kept their fingers firmly on the pulse of history. They listen avidly to every item of news on the radio, including the BBC; they watch news on television at 5 p.m., 9 p.m. and around midnight; they follow every single television debate about the economy; they read news stories and feature articles on economics in every newspaper. Nothing escapes their all-seeing eyes.

Ha, they exclaim in delight, David Levy has talked to the hankers for nine hours, and here he comes on TV to reassure us. He appeals to the public. In his own name and in the name of the government, not to panic. His voice is so earnest and so convincing, and he is so young and good looking for an Israeli politician, that it is hard to refuse him. Besides, didn't he raise himself by his own bootstraps from the direst poverty? He must know a thing or two about economics to have achieved so much. Besides, he's a Sephardi, and, if we reject his appeal, we will be rejecting ourselves on the side of the bigots.

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HERE COMES Moshe Mandelbaum, the governor of the Bank of Israel, a large man, oozing confidence. Then come hosts of experts, professors and economists and industrialists and Stock Exchange experts: they all deliver the same message. If the nation does the right thing, everything will come right. In the end, we just have to wait five or six years. What is six years to a Jew? Didn't we wait 2,000 years to get our state again?

Of course, there are some reservations. The government has to cut the budget; it goes along with that, as long as it doesn't affect me. We have in cat consumption; that's a great idea, provided they don't touch Tuborg and Scotch. Workers have to be diverted from what they call the "services" into industrial production. I'm for that 100 per cent; I know all kinds of people who would be of more use to the nation on factory benches. This does not apply, of course, to television critics and sports editors: they are indispensable for the national morale; without them productivity would sink like a bank share on the Stock Exchange.

When the suckers are not following the news with rapt attention, they are talking to each other about the crisis, arguing heatedly the pros and cons of this or that action,

Suckers & slickers



Shlomo Glickstein

Amos Mansdorf

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

although they never do anything. They follow with fascination the mysterious intrigues going on in the Liberal Party, Modai or Patti, Patti or Modai? They know that the choice will make all the difference in the economy, and therefore, to them, Modai is tough, Patti is flexible. For 72 hours they wait on tenterhooks for the Liberals to end the argument and for Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir to make his choice. Maybe they should settle the matter by having a deal, or tossing a coin, or cutting cards? The waiting and suspense are almost unbearable. Like the Liberal Party, the suckers are lodged on the horns of a dilemma.

Hey, just a minute, look at that — the premier has appointed Yigal Cohen-Orzag. Where on earth did he come from? He's slipped between the dilemma's horns like Mickey Berkowitz scoring a breakaway basket. Who's Cohen-Orzag, anyway? The suckers have never heard of him.

The suckers tell each other that the liberals aren't going to like this, they're not going to take it lying down, they'll bring down the government, sure as the Almighty made little fishes. So they have more news to follow.

Of course, in the event the Liberals do take it lying down: they roll over on their backs like a much-loved dog begging its master to love it and to tickle its stomach. Things move on for the suckers — there's the vote of no confidence: they have to keep watching, watching, watching...

MEANWHILE, the slickers are light years away from all this, they are on a different planet. Like the three wise monkeys, they don't bother to see anything, hear anything, say anything. They act. Through their brains pounds a simple refrain: "Buy dollars! Buy dollars! Buy dollars!"

If the slicker ever does sit down in front of his imported television set to watch the news, the clock that precedes the news does not go "tick-tock, tick-tock" for him, it goes "Buy dollars! Buy dollars!" When he starts his Mercedes in the morning, it does not whisper "Phut, phut," but "Buy dollars! Buy dollars!" As he lies sleepless in his bed, his wife's snores urge him "Buy dollars! Buy dollars!" When his 12-year-old daughter comes to kiss him good-night, he wonders how many dollars she'll get on the white slave market. He looks at his aged mother-in-law sitting in the corner,

and speculates whether a scientific institute would purchase her for greenbacks for use in vivisection experiments.

We saw many shots of young people who had put their mortgage money and savings into bank shares while they looked for an apartment. Now they face the prospect of being homeless. A friend of mine, a member of Peuce Now, was standing next to such an investor, one of those good-looking young Gush Emunim characters, in the suckers' queue in the bank. When he heard the other's tale of woe, my friend suggested that the government was to blame, and that the time had come to change to the Alignment. "Oh, no," said Aridor's victim, "I don't blame the government. And I'd never trust Peres or Rabin."

TELEVISION HOUSE has patted itself repeatedly on the back for introducing a new programme for sports fans, *First Goal*, on Sunday nights. I am sure that no sports lover has fallen for this confidence trick. To "compensate" the anti-sports lobby, they have cut Thursday night's *Match of the Week* to 20 minutes, thus depriving us of 20 minutes. They give with one hand, then take away double with the other, and expect to be congratulated.

I am very dissatisfied with the tennis coverage. They gave us the Shlomo Glickstein-Amos Mansdorf final in the national championships in full, but only the barest snippets of the ITC Grand Prix tournament. It was absurd to concentrate on a local event and miss one of the rare occasions when we get international tennis. How parochial can they get?

The commentator on tennis assumes that no viewers understand the game, and that he must explain its ABC. This is very jarring for those who know the elements of tennis — those who don't. I am sure, are not bothering to watch. He should give us an informed commentary full of insights. If he doesn't know how to do it, he should look up how the British covered Wimbledon.

WE MUST thank whatever gods may be for that lovely version of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, with both Alec Guinness and Genevieve Boujold giving perfect performances in the two main parts. Shaw took considerable dramatic licence with history, but who cares? The play bristles with witty lines like a porcupine with quills.

THE FIRST CLAIM *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* will have on the under-30s, who comprise the bulk of today's filmgoers, is pop star David Bowie in one of the leading roles. While this is not Bowie's first attempt to establish a film career for himself, it is his first straight part on the screen, far removed from his trendy fashion-setting image, exploited in such movies as *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. The results here are impressive enough to indicate that behind the enormous show of kinkiness, which has made him such a popular figure and enhanced his career as a singer, cult figure and exhibitionist, Bowie is a truly gifted and inspired professional.

But for real film buffs, the claim to fame of *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* is that it is the work of director Nagisa Oshima, the foremost figure of the post-Kurosawa generation of filmmakers in Japan. Oshima is practically unknown here; recently, however, he had the doubtful honour of making headlines when our enlightened censorship board decided that his *Empire of the Senses* was too strong for our weak constitutions.

Which does not mean that his latest picture is for the faint-hearted. Opening with one execution and ending with another, it displays sufficient violence and cruelty to shock any complacent mind. But the censors, who have always been more sensitive to sex than to violence, did not — happily — find any reason to object in this case.

OSHIMA'S avowed purpose, in all his movies, including this one, is to paint a moral picture of modern Japan, particularly the Japan that emerged from the ecstasy of World War II. That his efforts were for many years appreciated abroad much more than at home seemed to be an indication that he had been so polluted by Western civilization that his point of view was considered alien to that of his own countrymen.

Although such films as *The Diary of a Shinjuku Thief* and *The Ceremony* were acclaimed abroad, he went bankrupt and almost gave up making films, until a French producer, Anatole Dauman, came up with most of the capital required for *Empire of the Senses*. Since that time, it has been the West that has put up the money for his films; and only now, with his most overtly occidental production, has he managed to break through to his home audience too.

Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence carries a heavy load of European influence, starting with the novel from which it was adapted, Laurens van der Post's *The Seed and the Sower*. At first glance it might even be mistaken for another version of that old favourite, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, for it has the same setting, a Japanese prison camp in the Far East (here it is Java), and the same theme, the confrontation between two civilizations.

DAVID LEAN'S spectacular allowed the spectator to escape from the heavier issues into a story that offers two splendid eccentrics, Alec Guinness and Sessue Hayakawa, and an energetic man of action, William Holden. But Oshima grants no concessions, and this makes his picture more difficult to take in. He hammers home his message pitilessly, on and on, and has no fancy adventure to sweeten the pill. Even the poetry and the humour in his film have a grim dimension and a stately point, merciless and unforgiving. We are worlds away from such prison camp classics as *La Grande Illusion* (whose influence is guardedly conceded by Oshima) and *Stolag 17*.

Just like Renoir in *La Grande Illusion*, Oshima draws a clear line between the different social classes in the two confronting camps, and suggests that the drama emerges from the encounter of similar social positions across the line. One might even be tempted to compare the unflinching, rigid upper-class Captain Yonoi in Oshima's movie, with Erich von Stroheim's junker in the older film, particularly since both characters are deeply frustrated at being kept out of combat and relegated to jailers. But the comparison shouldn't be pushed too far, for the gap separating the German and the French is negligible and almost non-existent when compared with the abyss between the Orient and the Occident.

Oshima's images



David Bowie and Ryuch Sakamoto in a scene from Nagisa Oshima's WWI drama, 'Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence.'

Illusion (whose influence is guardedly conceded by Oshima) and *Stolag 17*.

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THE PLOT starts traditionally enough. There is a Japanese prison camp in Java in 1942. As usual, the jailers are doing their best to break the spirit of the inmates, a mixture of British, American, Australian, Dutch and other Allied soldiers captured in the Far East.

The prisoners, in spite of the inhuman conditions they are subjected to, attempt to keep some sort of self-respect. The commander of the camp, young Yonoi, is an intelligent officer who imposes the letter of the law dispassionately; he strives to be aloof and detached from any personal considerations. His assistant, plebeian Sergeant Hara, who has none of the pretensions, education, social standards or upbringing of his superior, enforces the disciplinary measures of the law with the piece of a proletarian who has found himself, through the quirks of war, in charge of the lives of others, some of whom, in normal times, would be his superiors. The measures are applied with a degree of brutality that is bound to horrify Westerners.

THE MOOD is set from the very beginning, as one of the guards is ordered to commit suicide in front of the whole camp, the traditional haru-kiri being offered as an

CINEMA

Dan Fainaru

honourable way out of a death sentence, pronounced after he has been found guilty of homosexual relations with a Dutch inmate.

The protesting prisoners are forced to watch the execution, and so is the spectator; and with this first clash between the two sides we are presented with what are to be the leading themes of the movie.

Colonel Lawrence, the only prisoner who speaks Japanese, since he used to be an Oriental scholar attached to the British Embassy in Tokyo, witnesses the repulsion felt by his fellow POWs for the atrocity they will have to watch. Capt. Yonoi refuses to permit their absence.

And through this encounter, the basic differences in attitude towards life and death are already delineated. Against the morality imposed by the Christian religion, one of forgiveness, the Japanese offer the concept of strict codes; but this is still too simple. One could also say, and this is shown in greater detail as the movie develops, that a religion built around life as the supreme value, is pitted against a religion of death.

And yet one can't escape the implication that it is less the punishment that the Westerners protest to as being forced to witness it. Which may indicate a double standard that will reappear throughout the picture.

HOMOSEXUALITY is the second theme to recur and gain importance later. In a world peopled by men only, with values based on such male-oriented qualities as heroism, honour, courage and self-sacrifice, it seems their homosexuality is almost inevitable, particularly since conditions do not allow for any other kind of sexuality.

Two parallel lines evolve from this opening, one for the Japanese, the other for the Europeans. Against Yonoi, the aristocrat who carries the burden of guilt for not paying with his life for the military

uprising of 1936, there is the character of Major Celliers, apparently the most splendid, chivalrous hero in the Western tradition, a charismatic figure born to lead men into the battle, a British blue-blood who hides childhood guilt behind a magnificent indifference to his own destiny. (Just to confirm with the barbarous traditions of his school, he once allowed his crippled younger brother to be victimized in cruel and insulting games.)

Both the Japanese and the British seem to expiate their sins in this story; both are bent on self-destruction; and the fact that each side employs its own methods, and that there is a strong homosexual attraction between them does not change the final outcome, equally drastic in both cases.

Sergeant Hara, who at first seems to be a stupid, mindless sadist designated to play the heavy, gradually appears as more human and understandable than his impressive superior, and in the epilogue he seems to be speaking for Oshima himself, pointing out that, on both sides of the front, the innocents are condemned while those who are responsible never pay.

As for Colonel Lawrence, the man who believes he understands the Japanese, who appoints himself the voice of reason and the enlightened human spirit, and who has the best intentions in the world — all his initiatives somehow lead to disastrous results, all his attempts to bridge the gap between the two worlds end in failure, and he has to concede finally that, while on the surface Western civilization and its humane premises seem preferable to the inhumanity of the Japanese, at bottom they are embarrassingly similar.

OSHIMA keeps the tension at a high level, by concentrating the whole action inside the camp, and alternating between physical and psychological climaxes, without a moment of respite. He has his characters state their beliefs in plain language, as when a plea for mercy by Lawrence on behalf of a prisoner provokes a sharp retort: "A

Japanese would prefer death to prison." Or he lets actions speak for themselves, as when food is denied to the prisoners for "this is the best medicine against spiritual laziness." He implies that a Japanese would die for his code of honour, while Christians prefer to see it as sacrifice for their fellow men. He lets his protagonists argue whether suicide is an act of heroism or cowardice. And he manages, in every situation, to lead to the conclusion that rules made by men for men, and accepted as absolutely binding, whether in the East or the West, and even if they are totally different, turn out the same in the end.

Oshima's powerful use of image and his intricate movement of the camera are absolutely gripping. He will allow a brief moment of poetry in the midst of horror, as when a butterfly flutters around the head of a man hurried up to his neck. And it will be difficult for Bowie's fans not to smile when he leads his starved men into song, in spite of the fact, he says, that he is always singing out of tune. But these are only brief moments, and they only increase the impact of the drama.

THE ENTIRE cast seems to have been mesmerized by the director into giving superior performances. Bowie plays Celliers as a man no less bent on committing suicide than his Japanese counterpart. Yonoi is played by Ryuch Sakamoto, a Japanese who is famous at home, as a composer and pop star, as Bowie is in the West. Sakamoto, who also composed the music for the sound-track, a Japanese tune with Western orchestration, plays his part with an intensity, an economy, and an inner power that are truly staggering. Tom Conti, always excellent, carries much of the film's dialogue as Colonel Lawrence, the intellectual who tries hopelessly to make sense of a situation that is senseless to begin with — for in this struggle between two sides which both think they are right, nobody is right, to quote the final lines of the fourth leading figure, Sergeant Hara. Played by a well-known Japanese entertainer, Beat Takeshi, Hara may well be, in the end, the most natural, unadorned character of them all, a simple man forced into situations that he cannot control, and paying in the end for doing exactly what was expected of him. His only Western counterpart, but much less developed, is Colonel Hickey-Elis (Jack Thompson), a sort of Blimp character who wearily tries to defend the old values and keep the war alive inside the prison camp, making resistance to the Japs a supreme ideal.

If there is one flaw in this movie, and a very serious one too, it is the series of flashback sequences into Celliers' past. They break the unity of the plot, weaken the powerfully concentrated mood created inside the camp and introduce a muddy streak that is quite unnecessary and harmful to the overall effect. Oshima argued that he needed these scenes to clarify Celliers' past and explain his character; but it is the fault of the script not to have found a better solution to this legitimate requirement, and the whole movie falls because of it.

Nonetheless, this is one of the most impressive films of the year, because of its dramatic impact, its unusually strong characters, and its clear perception that both West and East have failed to create moral codes that will work for humanity instead of destroying it.

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LIKE PAUL MUNI, in *The Good Earth*, I used to tell the heir to the literary collection of forced loan certificates — the Israeli version of exploding cigars, plastic dog-dirt and whoopee cushions — "One day, son, all this will be yours." After the bank shares crisis threatened the entire economy with collapse to the extent that even bubble-gum was affected by inflation, I saw this dream going the way of Confederate dollars and Czarist railway bonds; the only thing that helped me survive the week that Aridor fell was a slightly amended version of a 1934 Irving Caesar lyric that kept running through my head:

Oh, you native man,
Taking on cash on the easy plan,
Here and there and where you can,
Oh, you native man.

I was even more vexed when several people confessed to me after reading the column recently that they knew *Swanee* and *Tea for Two* very well indeed but they'd never heard of Irving Caesar. Come to think of it, this is hardly surprising since they don't even know who painted the most famous picture in the world. I'm always three chumps ahead of them since all their ideas on the subject are culled from coffee-table books and from what Art Buchwald once called "the four-minute Louvre." Little wonder that they've never heard of Paul E. Garbutt, the man who designed the London Underground map.

WELL, I'M GLAD to have been able to make some small measure to bring these wiseguy heroes before a wider public. This is not to say, however, that I'm unaware of their shortcomings. Some lines Lorenz Hart once wrote serve as a reasonable description of many of the tunesmiths who laboured in Tin Pan Alley:

One mind is featherweight,
Their together weight
Can't amount to much.

When you hear some of the lyrics they perpetrated you realize that one of the few advantages of modern pop music is that the words are largely incomprehensible, shouted as they are by hoarse yobobs against an amplified accompaniment whose decibel count would make a Concorde's take-off sound like *The Rattle of Spring*.

First of all, there were the awful song-titles. If you saw *Edward and Mrs. Simpson* on TV a couple of years ago, you may remember the theme music. I danced *With a Man Who Danced With a Girl Who Danced With the Prince of Wales*, sung by a sort of snob-sister as the titles unruffled. This particular number, I'm happy to say, has enabled me to improve the column immensely by adding its very first footnote*, a device that always, as I'm sure you will readily agree, provides a touch of incident distinction.

Even serious musicians were susceptible to the attentions of Flo, the Flat-footed Muse. Edmund Rubbra, the British composer, once wrote a piece with a title that he later came to regret — *Nature's Call*. To make things even worse, he went on to write *When Lost I Went*.

*Footnote: The scene at the palace after Edward had given up the throne was once described by Lord Mountbatten. The room was several inches deep in chafes from all over the Empire begging the King not to abdicate. "He sat back in an ornate chair with his foot up on a footstool," wrote Mountbatten, "while Mr. Mack, his personal chaplain, cut his corns for the last time."

Salome, Let go me



"I'VE NEVER heard such corny lyrics, such simpering sentimentality, such repetitious, uninspired melody," Brad Anderson once marvelled. "Man, we've got a hit on our hands!" This isn't as funny as it may seem. After six brilliant title-songs had been rejected by the producer of *Rosalie*, Cole Porter wrote a seventh with the sole purpose of working off his chagrin by including as many dead-as-a-dodo clichés, both musical and verbal, as he could. *Rosalie* became the biggest money-spinner of his entire career.

One of my favourite corny lyrics was written by Yip Harburg for Jerome Kern's *Californian*, which eulogized the state where:

The hills have more splendour,
The girls have more gender.

Otin Hurbuch and Oscar Hammenstein, considered to be the Al-ley's heavy artillery, easily outdid this with a superbly economic lyric they wrote for Stuhurt Herbert's *The World's Worst Women* that included the unforgettable lines:

Salome,
Let go me.

The only other verse that even begins to approach this was written by Joe Garland for *In the Mood*, the big hit of 1939. The mechanical frenzy of this most monotonous of Swing tunes contrasted starkly with a lyric that sounds as if it had been pinched from the inexhaustible stock of double entendres in TV's *Are You Being Served?* or had originated in some elaborately non-U book of etiquette — along the lines of "Pleased to meetcha."

"Likewise, I'm sure."

"So I said politely 'Darlin' may I introduce?' She said 'Don't keep me waiting when I'm in the mood.'"

This pen-on-a-knife prose style crops up more subtly in the general dotiness that pervades a George Marion lyric popularized by Buddy Rogers in a 1930 movie.

I'd like to be a bee in your boudoir
And be in your bonfire
All day.
I'd waste no time in flirting with flowers.

WITH PREJUDICE Alex Berlyne

I'd spend all my hours
Midfinger-ov.

This pronunciation of "lingerie" is doubtless fashionable among the sophisticates who patronise Miami's Fontainebleau Hotel. Still, it's no laughing matter: set to a catchy tune by Richard Whiting, the verse may well have assisted Buddy in wooing Mury Pickford, whom he married shortly afterwards, thereby acquiring the World's Sweetheart, the princely Pickfair estate and several million dollars — not necessarily in that order.

ONE OF the most distinguished alumni of the school of dubious propositions was Sigmund Romberg, who gave us the line *Softly, as in a morning sunrise*, perhaps intending to distinguish this particular sort of dawn from the confusing goings-on in the Land of the Midnight Sun or those observed from the Starship Enterprise. A surprising entry in this category is Lorenz Hart, undoubtedly a serious contender for the Best Lyricist-of-All-Time title, yet I can never hear the lyric of his 1932 show-stopper, *Lover*, without requiring the assistance of passers-by to pick me up, pound me on the back and help me get my breath back:

Lover, when I'm near you
and I hear you speak my name,
Softly, in my ear you breathe a flame.

Tom Lehrer, a particularly cynical chronicler of the human condition, may have been inspired by Hart's lines when he wrote *The Marchion Tango* which includes the couplet:

Let our love be like a flame, not an ember
Say it's true that you want to dis-ember

I suppose that even crematorium technicians, *Flammenwerfer* troops, and carnival fire-swallowers have their emotions like anyone else, yet I believe the most likely explanation of Hart's lyrics to be that the

Fontainebleau school of etiquette does not require a gent with amorous propensities to put out his cigarette before indulging them.

"WHOEVER NAMED it necking," Grouche Marx once observed, "was a poor judge of anatomy." Tin Pan Alley, it seems to me, have always been particularly vague about the subject but the careful observer can easily identify several pathological conditions in their work. The appropriately-named Lorenz Hart, for example, once described a case of cardiac arrest:

I took one look at you,
That's all I meant to do,
And then my heart stood still.

The low-pitched, rumbling diastolic murmur of mitral stenosis is detectable in the Anniversary Song, to all intents and purposes Al Jolson's signature tune, though he was to die in fact of a cardiac infarct and not of valvular disease.

Two hearts gently beating were unrumbling love.
My darling, I love you so.

Two hitherto unknown conditions were described in 1934's hit *There's a Blue Ridge 'Round My Heart*, Virgilite — possibly a reference to cyanosis associated with cleitization — and Judy Garland's *Zing! Go the Strings of My Heart* — indicating calcification of the chordae tendineae. Milton and Drake's *Thru my heart is flowing* (The champagne waltz is now accepted as some primitive form of Angiogram but, so far, no adequate explanation has been advanced for Charles Stenger's *Give a broken heart a chance to cry*, which seems to refer to some inconceivable malformation of the lacrimal duct associated with ventricular rupture. If the tears are merely an example of poetic licence, however, Stenger's lines compare very favourably with a *Funeral Elegy upon the Death of George Sonds, Esq.*, that I came across recently:

Reach me, O Handkerchief, Another yet,
And yet another, for the last is wet.

It was written in 1658 by Ahon, who should have had his licence en-

dorsed or even revoked.

We should, I suppose, really be grateful to the tunesmiths who were expanding the frontiers of medical science long before many a Nobel laureate was born, and are still capable of inspiring further advances with songs written over 70 years ago. When Mark Russell first heard that old favourite, *I Wanna Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad*, he had only one suggestion to make: "Clonc Ma."

IT IS generally considered that Iver Novello's mother — a fearsome figure who once announced that she intended to fly her Welsh Ladies Choir to Berlin and sing Hitler into surrendering — may have been responsible for his sexual confusion. The King of both Drury Lane and Ruritanian actually called his last show *Gay's the Word*, possibly trying to anticipate the wits who always referred to his biggest success, *The Dancing Years*, as *The Proncing Queens*.

Oddly enough, during a 1931 stint for MGM in Hollywood he, of all people, was assigned to writing the dialogue for *Tarzan the Ape Man*. I like to think he came up with a first draft that had the hero, in a tree-top quiche-and-chimps shop, spouting lines like "Mc Tarzan, You James."

I've recently been looking at *Peter Pan* again and I'm beginning to think that Mrs. Novello may have been blamed unfairly for a condition to which, after all, her son was perfectly well-adjusted. Seeing Barrie's play at an impressionable age may have deeply affected him, particularly after listening to Wendy explaining to Mrs. Darling that "the mauve fairies are boys and the white ones are girls and there are some who don't know what they are."

Had he stayed in Tinseltown I'm sure that he would have churned out great scripts for *Gays and Dells* and *Purt Three of the Mafia* saga, *The Fairy Godfather*. At any rate, he must have enjoyed Nelson Eddy confessing to Jeanette MacDonald, in *Naughty Marietta*, that he was gay without pause. For my part, I cannot forget the last doty line of the same lyric when he admits *My spirits are truly unruly*, which sounds less like a declaration of love than one of those tongue-twisters that drunks were asked to recite by an unsympathetic constabulary.

A NUMBER of wags have attempted to emulate this nutty flavour. Abe Burrows has parodied the genre with ditties like *You Put a Piece of Carbon Paper Under Your Heart and Gave Me Just a Copy of Your Love* and even began his autobiography with one:

Some folks remember their mothers
And others their girlfriend's behind
But I am strolling down Memory Lane
Without a goddam thing on my mind.

Sometimes, what seems to be parody is due to what is called perceptual deafness, in which high-frequency sounds are not heard properly and a lot has to be taken for granted.

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorled ear
wrote Gerard Manley Hopkins. The poet and I are whorls apart, for he would positively have welcomed the sort of wax plugs that have made me hear things like *I'm All For You*, *Body and Soul*. Benny Green has taken perceptual deafness a step further with his *Celebrity Lyrics*, such as: *Don't Be J.B. Priestley to the Germans: When Chou En Lai Were Young, Muggle: I'm Just a Girl U*

Thank Say No; and others too humorous to mention.

Breakfast Special, John Dunn's BBC programme, invites listeners to contribute verbal bric-a-brac of this nature. The programme featured English place-names, which I interpreted as a long-overdue reaction to the sort of lyrics that have Frank Sinatra claiming quite untruthfully that Chicago is his kind of town: *The Bury Thought of You: Some Enchanted Evening, You'll See a Stranger: Steaks Get in Your Eyes*; and, nilintently, my dear Watson, *Highgate Too Hungry for Dinner at Eight*.

Mangled lyrics crop up frequently in the BBC's *My Music* programme. Denis Norden once pointed out that the whole scene could be changed by new emphasis or punctuation and came up with "I saw you last night and got that old feeling" and the rather testy "Love is where? You find it!"

Jazz musicians love to improvise on Vincent Youmans' classic *I Knew That You Know* and the team gave it their treatment, producing the snarled rejoinder "I know that, you know." I thought that this was particularly appropriate as Youmans, who was reputed to have a rye sense of humour and whose nationality might have been described as "Scotch, by absorption," was frequently very misty when in his cups. Well, as they say, abstinence does make the heart grow fonder.

THE CLEVER verse that Ed Madden wrote for Gus Edwards' *By the Light of the Silvery Moon* exploited the stage directions in show scripts:

Place: park.
Scene: dark — silvery moon is shining through the trees.
Cost: Two — me, you — sound of kisses floating through the breeze.
Act one: begun —
Dialogue: "Where would you like to spend?"
My cue: with you — underneath the silvery moon.

In the old days, if the lyric failed for a reason, it was Eddy and Maudie would be launched on a stream on the huck lot, and, if the chorus sang *Sunny Fun's By a Waterfall*, then Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler were damn well provided with a miniature Niagara.

I don't believe that Hollywood would have been fazed for one moment by Goethe's instructions for the opening of *Faust* — "Enter the Lord, accompanied by the Heavenly Host" — for they loved nothing more than being as literal as I have just been about Tin Pan Alley's resident cardiologists. Jack Warner, Louis B. Meyer or Harry Cohn would have followed unquestioningly Ring Lardner's stage direction in one of his one-act plays: "The curtain is lowered for two weeks to denote the passing of two weeks."

At the same time, and this is what made it all so schizoid, they lived in a world of make-believe, of two-dimensional buildings, Jewish Cemeteries, whurs with hearts of gold, blood-flecked handkerchiefs covering large-calibre gunshot wounds and — pace Mr. Aridor — virtue rewarded in the last reel. So I can readily believe Sammy Cahn's story of meeting an agent who knew he was auditioning for a show and recommended one of his clients for a leading role.

"Leila's certainly a talented girl," Sammy admitted, "but she's too tall for the part."
"Oh, I don't know," said the agent, who clearly deserves a portrait in Mrs. Shamir's government, "have you seen her lately?"

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HENRY CARTIER-BRESSON — PHOTOGRAPHER

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THE SOUND OF CHOIRS, Series 2, Concert No. 1. Wednesday, 28.10, at 8.30 p.m. (See above programme.)

Beth Hatefutsoth The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

The Jews of Hungary in Modern Times

In the summer of 1984, Beth Hatefutsoth will present an exhibition on "The Jews of Hungary in Modern Times."

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Regularly
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ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

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Silf Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfsohn Museum at Hadassah: Permanent Exhibition of Jewish Art. **Divan Room:** History of Jewish People. Special Exhibition entitled, "People of Old Jerusalem", by the weaver Bracha Friedman, Sun-Thur., 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

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MUSEUMS

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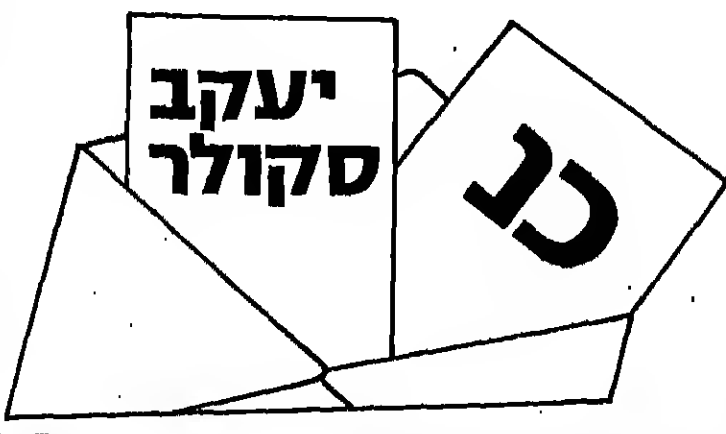


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The Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ meets David Grossman, who has "kept himself entertained" by hosting a children's programme and writing several books, one of which, 'Hiyuch Ga'gdi,' has attracted a great deal of critical attention.

DAVID GROSSMAN is lean and pale, with mild ginger hair and eyes enlarged either by his glasses or by too much looking. He is 29 years old and has a "low threshold for boredom" but seems rather good at keeping himself occupied and entertained.

For instance, within the last year — "actually six months of it" — he has published three books, which were, admittedly, four to five years in the making. They are *Ratz* (Run), a collection of short stories; *Du-Krav* (Duel), a children's book which isn't exactly for children; and *Hiyuch Ha'gdi* (The Smell of the Kid), a novel which has kept the critics busy.

While we talked in his Talpit, Jerusalem, living room, among the murex and tentacles of ivy, the phone rang to inform that he'd won the Ze'ev Prize for Children's Literature.

But it's *Hiyuch Ha'gdi* that people talk about. The generous critics praise its kind of fantasy and reality, its attention to detail, its attempt — with considerable success — to make life on the West Bank under the "enlightened occupation" accessible to the Israeli imagination. The more menacing critics warn that Grossman may smother us all under his flow of prose to Amos Oz. They say he fills in too many spaces in his intricate plot, that some of the characters rise only halfway out of the page.

Whatever their reservations, most agree that Grossman is a young man to watch.

HIS NOVEL is about loss of innocence; but then, maybe most novels are. In this case it is personal and national innocence or lack thereof, as embodied by four characters. The narration rotates among their points of view.

One of the two innocents is Uri, who tries to resist the momentum of words and events that drag us into living lies. He works on an earthquake rescue mission in Italy; he is persuaded to serve in the military administration of the West Bank to help defend the rights of Arab residents. When an old man, in a burst of rage, starts pummeling Uri and other soldiers in his village, Uri's impulse is to touch the man's arm and calm him — not ready his own gun.

That old man is Hilmi, the other innocent, a mythical figure with an awful smell, a recluse who lives in a cave and bathes in a barrel, whose many children are not his, but the illegitimate of others. He especially loved Yazdi, whom he raised in a wordless language based on metaphors of nature. But wordlessness is no solution to the failure of language. Yazdi goes off to be corrupted by ideological blather in Beirut. He becomes a terrorist and is killed in a fight with the IDF.

Of the two embodiments of experience, the gentler is Katzman, whom Uri meets in Italy. He has the best of intentions for noble administration on the West Bank, and talks Uri into joining him — but he is sucked into the paradox of humane conquest. He was born in Europe, spent his early years in a hole in the ground during World War II, memorizing his father's book on Aristotle. He is optimistic only in that he believes the existential pit has a bottom.

Uri is married to, and Katzman is sleeping with, Shosh, the miserable product of highly reputable Zionist educators who are "open" in the way that the occupation is "enlightened": well-meaning, but incapable of dealing with the dark realities.

Shosh spends her pages of the novel in introspection: she is a successful therapist who works with hopeless delinquents. In the one case that threatens to defeat her, she resorts to extraordinary means. The boy commits suicide. Is she guilty?

"She's guilty," says Grossman. "She killed Nurdy." He obviously has little patience for her. "I pity Shosh," he goes on. "I don't identify with her."

I find myself pointing out how understandable her situation is, given the ideological "perfection" of her background. No, he says, she can't be forgiven. She is "Katzman without his Uri-ness," without his faith in goodness. "Shosh is a danger sign, she's what can happen to Israel."

Katzman, Grossman recalls, talks about "the responsibility each person bears for his uniqueness." Shosh has betrayed that responsibility with Nurdy. It's a little odd to be arguing about the morality of his characters as if they could walk into the room and do the same to us, or at least steal a few biscuits from the plate on the glass-topped table.

Grossman says it was "scary" when some of his friends first read the manuscript and started discussing the characters. "I wanted them to remain characters, but they're awfully tempting."

Where does the author stand in this systematic scheme of good and evil?

"I'm Katzman, dying to be Uri," says Grossman. "In the original plan" — he means the world, not his book — "the Uri's were to be the winners." Which sounds like a very Uri-like attitude. Uri is the lamb of the title; in the end, he is betrayed by his friends, and his smile becomes fixed and false. The decline is "irreversible."

"If you write, you can't be Uri," Grossman says. "A writer, like Katzman, knows how things turn out."

THE WRITER'S beginnings were in Jerusalem. His mother is a sabra; his father was born in Poland and came here as a child.

Grossman's background is not like any of those described in the book, he says. His home life was warm, but with lots of disagreement, generated by three redheads: his father, himself and his younger brother, Nir. Now, he and his wife Michal — "a psychologist, but not like Shosh" — have added another redhead, year-old Yonatan.

Grossman earns his living with two weekly radio programmes — *Good Evening from Jerusalem* and the Friday afternoon talk-and-music show, *Sheshet*. He used to do a popular children's programme, and in fact has been working in radio since he was 10. His debut was in a quiz programme, which he won by reciting by heart long selections from Shalom Aleichem. It was at his father's urging that he read the works; for his father they were like home, but for him they were

Kid stuff



"science fiction." After his debut, he did free-lance work in radio, travelling all over the country for interviews. "It's what I did instead of Scouts."

Was he a wonderkid?

"You have to distinguish between wonderkid and a child who's different." He played the usual games, but he also spent much of his time with adults, particularly with actors, because of his work. "I read a lot of



books, and I registered my unborn brother in libraries."

Among the books he read were those of modern German authors in translation. He found himself thinking how great it was that they could combine talent and situation "in a place where everything has happened." Then it occurred to him that he himself lived in a similar harsh reality.

He's not comparing the political situations, but the intensity of experience, and perhaps the crucial points in history.

"I am a conqueror of another people, and I don't feel it. The conquered feel it — it's like breathing in a plastic bag. But I can choose not to see them."

That realization was the beginning of *Hiyuch Ha'gdi* — the desire to see, and to conjure up a picture so clear that others could see it too. When he wrote the book, by the way, he had never been in an Arab village. "The first time I was in a village was in Lebanon. It was such a *deja-vu*. By then, the book was already at the printers."

That was over a year ago. He had raced Michal to see who would deliver first, and he finished the book shortly before Yonatan arrived. He spent a year away from writing — "I didn't want Yonatan to know only the back of me" — and tried not to be bored without his writing.

Now he's back at the typewriter, working on something related to the Holocaust or at least to human evil. It includes more fantasy than *Hiyuch Ha'gdi* — "for instance, a man who joins a school of salmon."

Meanwhile, a film is being made of *Hiyuch Ha'gdi*. Grossman was asked to do the script for that and for a TV version of *Du-Krav*, the children's book. But he refused both. Despite the attraction of the money, he felt he couldn't treat the same material twice. So *Hiyuch Ha'gdi* will be scripted and directed by Shimon Dotan, who did *Repeat Dive*. *Du-Krav* will be scripted by Daniella Carmi and directed by Rumi Levi.

WRITERS KNOW how things turn out, says David Grossman. And how will David Grossman turn out?

What he wants for himself is "that it should always be interesting." He wants to feel "that tickle in the brain." His writing is so obsessive that he's not afraid he will dry up. But he says, he's still learning to write, and insists he's not speaking out of modesty. He has a tendency to oversay things, but for him that's part of an intimate acquaintance with his characters.

"If they wake me up in the middle of the night and say 'What does Fried think of the revolution in Chile?' I have to know how to answer as well as he does."

Grossman might like to try theatre some day; once he acted the part of Mozart in a radio drama. He'd like a room of his own to work in. And he wants to spend time with Yonatan. His thinking on the matter reflects his own particular hybrid of innocence and experience.

"It's important that a child know he has a father, but it's probably more important for the father. In fact, fatherhood is cynical exploitation of the child."

For what purpose?
"Love."

Nutcracker sweet



THE GALLERY looks as if Gary Goldstein was able to inject his decorative, flutty painted, canvases with a genetic serum powerful enough to dimensionize and animate spaceless figures and objects into a contemporary *Nutcracker Suite*.

Goldstein's wooden assemblage objects are charming renditions or recycled images of his paintings from last year, devoid only of the

large portraits that helped give substance and meaning to the comic-strip memorabilia. Goldstein has manufactured a couple of dozen delightful wall reliefs and standing sculptures from bits of lumber, twigs, dowels, wire and paint. They combine facets of Picasso's stick figures, Steinberg's line drawings, Calder's circus and Hazzit's sumptuous pastel palette.

Even though the colourful objects lean towards the symbolic and caricature it appears as if Goldstein is still infatuated with personal history, childhood fantasy and wishful thinking. The naive look is a mask that hides the true images in the shadows, images that are part of a rejuvenated and polished past. In the main, Goldstein's assemblages are quaint and humorous, but there are those in the form of fetish dolls that reflect a primitive attitude. The same applies to several menacing wall hangings designed as brightly patterned jungle weaponry.

This kind of art is anti-industrial and people oriented, without the oppressive expressionist mode. It is basically a regiment of formless, toy-like creatures, stacked on the shelves waiting for their master to come back home and strike up the hank. (Dvir Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel Aviv. Till Nov. 4.)

AN ISRAELI artist born in Basro (Iraq), Smira studied at the Avni Institute in Tel Aviv and currently lives and works abroad. His large horizontal oils and mixed media paintings on paper are emotional outpourings of colour, line and texture, pictures that have retained a great deal of the local preference for lyrical abstraction while being tinged with flavouring from the Ecole de Paris and European Cobra styles.

Smira generates a great deal of visual energy in his figurative compositions by drawing and painting features and body details several times side by side. This fractured kineticism interferes with a cohesive statement and is so repetitive that it often becomes a formula painting. Although Smira's figures enjole and bunter in landscapes and within interior spaces they remain true narrative sequences with real people acting out real situations.

The essence of Smira's art is the mixture of abstract and subjective linear outbursts to the point where surface frenzy is a compact web of overpainted lines meshing into dense opaque shapes. Several forms in each picture are flatly painted but are also highlighted, and therefore controlled, by linear descriptions. Smira's pictures are more drawn than painted. However, their size, intensity of colour and wild brushing make one overlook the graphic quality and observe the whole as expressive escapades. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Gilson, Tel Aviv. Till Nov. 1.)

ODED FEINGERSH has created a "painted installation" in which a single stylized figure "walks" along four walls of the gallery, uttered only by the change in the colour of his shirt. In cinema style, the figure descends, fading into the floor, only to rise again in the following sequence until, in a consistent cadence, he reaches the end of the march to be met by a larger than life, male nude (painted blue) bending over with a pained look on his face and expelling gas, the gas rudely painted in the form of amorphic doughnut shapes.

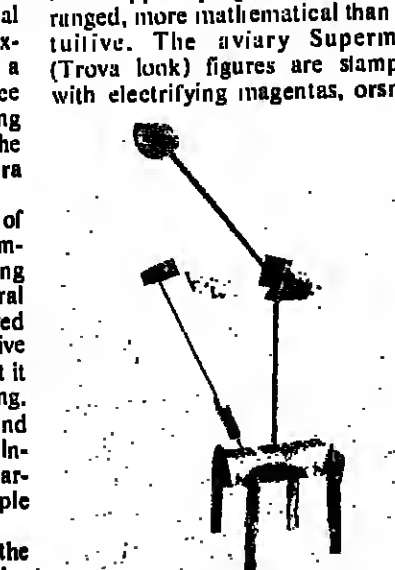
"Inflated" ("Swollen") is a poor work, an unexpected show from Feingersh who has been consistent these past few years. One can only

grasp onto the single, unimpressive, figure, a repetitive element that is the overtone, content and finale of the art. And it's all bewildering. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Centre, Tel Aviv. Till Oct. 29.)

THE LATE Israeli artist Joseph Kossonogol (1908-1981) is being remembered with an extended exhibition of works on paper. The first section, a collection of watercolours from the artist's estate and private collection, begins with tightly rendered, realistic aquarelles painted in Berlin and Paris in the mid and late '20s. They quickly blend into a large selection of easy, lyrical, wet on wet pictures of clothed and nude figures.

The early nudes from 1931 are voluptuous and solidly painted, *a la* Picasso, which is more than one can say about the dull landscapes and still lifes from the '40s and '50s. A celebration of colour and gestural freedom can be observed in several pictures from the late '40s, especially the Dufy inspired seascapes. Kossonogol's watercolours will be followed by an exhibition of his drawings from his early teens until his death. (Givan Fine Art, 35 Gordon, Tel Aviv. Till Oct. 29.)

ZOHAR GAT'S expressionist-pop style is all about heroes and villains set against each other and in solo flight on a colourful set of raucous felt backdrops. Gat's compositions are statically planned as shapes and words appear programmatically arranged, more mathematically than intuitive. The avian Superman (Trova look) figures are stamped with electrifying magentas, oranges



Gary Goldstein: painted wood sculpture. (Dvir Gallery, Tel Aviv)

reds and greens, colours that are intensified by looming black shapes.

Gat's partner in the two person show is Jacob Karmi. He paints gestural pictures whose content is the landscape. Only alluding to the components: trees, sky, flowers and atmosphere, Karmi's brush zips across the canvas with speed and dexterity, criss-crossing, cross-hatching and scumming away. The total directness is expressive yet refreshing without undue breast beating or soul searching about the true meaning of people or places. But with all the quixotic sensibilities that lead Karmi to abstraction one still discerns a need to admit to the patterns of rooftops mixed with shadow and light. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv. Till Oct. 28.)

ADDITIONAL shows in Tel Aviv this week: Jan Rehewarger at the Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles Street. Photographs by Ramil Yulzar at the White Gallery, Habimah Square. Tamar Dubrovsky shows paintings at the Yehoshua Gardens Art Pavilion, Park Hiyarkon.

GIL GOLDFINE

Chips with everything



THE OFFICIAL SILICON VALLEY GUY HANDBOOK by Patty Bell and Doug Myrland. New York, Avon. 105 pp. \$3.95.

SAVAGE ARENA by Joe Tasker. London, Methuen. 270 pp. £9.95

Richard Penniman

time to her front-end processor, and there is phase jitter entering all my charge-coupled devices. Her ambient temperature's rising, and she is alpha fluxing right before my eyes.

We skipped dinner... Yes, SVGuys and SVGirls do get married, they call it. Only this chapter of the book isn't so amusing. These couples have serious problems relating to each other because they discover, to their mutual angst, that neither of them is a machine. Humm relationships have no priority in Silicon Valley, so whenever they accidentally occur they are doomed to failure. "These young couples don't search for their identity; they have trouble just finding their way home. They don't

have mid-life crises, because they burn out before they reach mid-life." Such minor considerations as love, trust, tolerance and empathy curvy previous little weight in an SVG's formative years. They pay the price later on.

"The company life expectancy of an SVG, from recruitment to retirement, averages about fifteen years." This means that by the time Ray FIFO reaches the hoary age of thirty-five, he has become a cog in need of replacement. Hordes of freshly assembled MIT and Cal Tech graduates are championing at the siliconed bit to impart their ever-expanding, ever-more up-to-date knowledge. So with all his finely honed luck of sensibilities, Ray FIFO no longer represents the future.

Even if you're still riding a no-cylinder dromedary to work each morning, a little insight into the nudge being conjured up on the other side of the hill can't hurt. Computers are going to change all our lives drastically, if they haven't done so already. *The Official Silicon Valley Guy Handbook* offers many u

popular hint as to whether the future is a potential friend or enemy. Check it out.

IMAGINE climbing the Empire State Building in 120 m.p.h. winds, in a below freezing temperature and endless snowfall. Throw in a 50 lb. sack for added weight, and you have the sport of mountaineering. Not a summer holiday package in the Alps but the real article, the Himalayas, where such a man as the author of this book extends his mind and body beyond the threshold of pain and exhaustion.

Savage Arena is the true story of one man's odyssey among the highest mountains in the world. At the age of 34, Joe Tasker died close to the summit of Everest, which he had neared from an untried approach. The manner of his death seems inevitable to a reader of his book. Tasker had studied for seven years to become a priest. He was well acquainted with loneliness and silence, and with a severely restricted contact with others which had prepared him though he had not realized this; for mountaineering.

What he had still to learn were its punishing physical demands, which hardened on him so much. He climbed without added oxygen into rarefied air where the mind hallucinates. At such altitudes every step was searingly painful, and the slightest physical expenditure seemed monumental. Then, in addition, there was the sense that each step taken might be the last. Tasker recounts vividly the deaths of many of his fellow mountaineers, swept away by avalanches or swallowed by crevices thousands of feet deep that waited beneath freshly fallen snow.

WHY DID Tasker attack mountain after mountain till the most daunting of them defeated him? He asks himself this question many times in the course of this book but has no clear answer. He writes, "In some ways, going to the mountains is incomprehensible to many people and inexplicable by those who go."

It may be Joe Tasker's need to challenge death could not be articulated. Time and again he abandoned his soft English town-life for months of self-deprivation and physical torment. He would be joined by men without his monastic experience, and who had wives and children waiting at home for them. Tasker's essentially ascetic nature does not provide the answer. Nor is it necessary to know it to find *Savage Arena* fascinating. Few men walk tightropes willingly, and even fewer write about it. □

Do-it-yourself spellbinder

MASTERING WITCHCRAFT by Paul Huson. New York, Berkley. 256 pp. \$2.95.

Dvora Waysman

IN THIS apparently enlightened period, one expects a book with such a title as Paul Huson's to be a light-hearted frolic, or even a satire. However, *Mastering Witchcraft* was written in all seriousness, and provides a step-by-step description of how to become a witch, cast spells and even form a coven. It seems that witchcraft is alive and well. The witches haven't all been burnt at the stake; scores of them are active around the world in that outer darkness beyond the ring of firelight, where Lady Habondia and her horned consort hold court.

The chilling *Foreword* warns that the author takes no responsibility for the results a reader may achieve. Such a reader must be prepared to risk his soul in return for the powers which are first hinted at in the introduction, which contains the essence of witch history and the lost lore of the Watchtowers.

Witchcraft is the realm of the unseen. Although we Jews have been commanded to have no dealings with witches or wizards, it is impossible not to be curious about the Black Arts, which fascinate and

repel. ALL KINDS of fets emerge: witches have their own alphabet, known as runes; witches and warlocks can be identified by their "jewels" — items worn like jewelry, which bear their name in runes, and the symbol of their coven, which is often an owl, cat or serpent.

Huson has recipes for casting love spells, and for vengeance or attack. He tells you how to enforce your will; the secrets of snake charming; control of physical phenomena like weather working, levitation and poltergeist activities. Herbs and incense have a big part to play, as does the traditional witches' familiar — very often a cat or a bird.

What makes this book really spine-chilling is the matter-of-fact, almost chatty way it is written, with lots of sly humour, idiomatic speech, and references to modern technology which is today a part of our lives. □

JOSÉPH ZARITZKY. An exhibition of colour prints taken from paintings during the Twenties and Thirties. Understandably, some bear marks of the Palestine of those days in subjects and style, e.g., the self-conscious Jewishness of "Jewish Street" (16) and "Small Town" (17). Those which have stood the test of time are a compliment to the artist. They are mainly in his high-toned, bright colour, laid out in defined areas leading to an arrangement in space.

The local painting of that era was attacked for an inordinate love of darkness. One of the most memorable here is "Cloudy Sky," a horizontal composition offset by a glimpse of a descending railing.

More optimistic is "Flowers" (9), an admirably constructed, rectangular interior, where the flowers stand on a table within the frame of a large picture window. In contrast to this static conception, the landscape "Tsava" has a flowing rhythm and axis, their direction being indicated by three short green lines

Haifa

representing a ploughed field. Oppositional, essential to Zaritzky's personal style, take different forms, but these always arise from the subject in hand. As one example, "Tel Aviv Roads" juxtaposes hardly more than outlined white houses against the superhuman pink figure of the artist. (Galleries 3" Gallery, Haifa, till November 4.)

KAMIL DOW and MORDECAI FEUERSTEIN. Within the framework of its annual Arab Book Week, Hagefen Gallery presents its customary accompanying art show. Dow's successful work is inspired by the flexible yet firmly linear Arabic calligraphy, the coloration used being chiefly a reddish brown. Right at the entrance to the main room hangs a first-class colour print (the original painting has been sold). Like other art of his, e.g., "Love", it

is influenced by music; in this instance trumpets complete the design with musical notation as an understated background. For a change from colour, the black and white drawing (9) emphasizes the significant skeleton of the lines. Dow's representational paintings, although lighter and varied in colour, do not show him at his best; they lack ease in treating content. At this stage, at least, he still requires the support of an established style like the calligraphic.

Feuerstein's watercolours and chemical paintings are already well known. It is in the second medium that one finds what may have been less appreciated previously, viz, a capable expression of atmosphere, the darkening approach of evening in "Attila," the loneliness of "Solitary Tree at the Dead Sea" and the storm-laden sky of "Tree in Winter." Among his typical watercolours, the choice goes to "Galileo." (Belt Hagefen, Haifa) Till Oct. 26.

EPHRAIM HARRIS

Sexually exhausting

EVERYWOMAN: A Gynecological Guide for Life by Derek Llewellyn-Jones. London, Faber and Faber. 411 pp. £2.50.

THE COSMO REPORT by Linda Wolfe. London, Corgi Books. 432 pp. £1.95.

Nomi Sharon

of femininity," discusses the changing roles of women, and the greater opportunities available to them, in today's "less sex-discriminatory society." But it seems to be there more to show us what a good liberal Llewellyn-Jones is than for its intrinsic place in this book.

In the chapter "On Sexuality,"

again, Llewellyn-Jones' tone seems to be at odds with his words. He does attempt to debunk some of the myths surrounding women's sexuality, and the "double standard" of sex for men and for women, but he has a patronising way of telling women that it is "all right" to feel what they feel sexually, or want what they want. And on what does he base his statement that "the majority of women are still confused about their sexuality?"

Nevertheless, he presents much valuable factual information. He deals with women's physiology, with contraception, pregnancy, labour, infertility, gynecological disorders, and the menopause. It is a pity that the biological facts he presents are so interspersed with his subjective views and comments. "Remember

(after childbirth) ... it is almost impossible to care for home, husband and baby as efficiently as a woman would like to." This reinforcement of sexist stereotyping detracts from what might otherwise have been an informative and reliable manual.

It is well and amply illustrated by Audrey Besterman. THE COSMO REPORT was compiled from the answers to a detailed sex survey published in the January 1980 issue of *Cosmopolitan*. The questionnaire, according to the magazine, was designed to put together an accurate profile of how young women are handling today's "liberated" sexual climate. 106,000 women tell absolutely everything (publisher's italics) about their sex lives. The survey, we are told, is 17 times the size of the sample used for *The Kinsey Report* on women, and 35 times the size of *The Hite Report* sample.

Under the guise of a "scientific

survey," which purports to take a serious look at the world beyond the myths of the "sexual revolution," it teases, titillates, tantalizes — and turns off. For although, perhaps, voyeuristic readers may get vicarious thrills from reading about how frequently women of different ages and backgrounds masturbate, and the various techniques they use, or from knowing who does what to whom in a threesome, 400 pages of "intimate" details can become exceedingly repetitive and boring. The "most exhaustive sexual survey yet" is exhausting to read. It does not so much inform us sexually as reduce sex to a statistic, and the reader to an (unwilling) peeping Tom. Books such as *The Conna Report* — pseudo-scientific, and set up to titillate rather than educate — may also have a deleterious effect on the reception of serious books dealing with women's sexuality, and on society's attitudes towards women's sexuality. □

NICOLAS FREELING'S Dutch detective, Piet van der Valk, prides himself on being very unorthodox. In fact, his methods are not only completely alien to those of all other policemen in Holland, thus getting him into trouble with his superiors and delaying his promotion, they are completely different from those of any other fictional sleuth. He does not detect like Sherlock Holmes, does not use the little grey cells like Hercule Poirot, does not litter the scene with corpses, like Marlowe and his heirs, does not plod relentlessly along like Archer, and does not apply psychological pressure like Maigret.

Instead he relies on intuition, philosophy and chatter about his wife's cooking to bring his suspects to book; the inextricable might accuse him of talking his villains into custody. But it is such marvellous talk, such fascinating philosophy and such absorbing intuition that one can never get tired by him: Freeling's thrillers rank among the most fascinating I have read. We must be very grateful to Penguin for giving us three of the best van der Valk tales in this moderately priced omnibus: although the three books were all published in the early Sixties, time has not dulled their capacity to enthral.

IN *Because of the Cats*, van der Valk encounters a gang of 18-year-old delinquents from upper-class homes, who are committing revolting crimes at the behest of a Svengali-like restaurateur. Although the crimes take place in Amsterdam, van der Valk's intuition takes him, in a few pages, to the right place: Bloemendaal, a new, perfectly planned town on the dunes of the North Sea. Slowly and inexorably the Chief Inspector discovers the secret of the ravens and the cats, and brings them all satisfactorily to book, with the aid of an omniscient and virtuous whore. One witness whom he releases does get drowned, but he is no great loss to anyone; he was not even insured.

The weakest of the three thrillers is *Ban Before Butter*. A man leading a double life is knifed in a mysterious house in Amsterdam. By some sound if prosaic detective methods — rather out of character — van der Valk discovers that the deceased was a smuggler with two identities, one that of a married hotelier in Belgium. Coincidences too much to stomach, and a gigantic intuitive leap, bring van der Valk to the killer, and the book winds up with a lengthy exposition of what went on in the minds of victim and murderer.

The last tale, *Double-Barrel* takes van der Valk to the dreariest part of the entire Netherlands, the remote



"Open Files: A Narrative Encyclopedia of the World's Greatest Unsolved Crimes" by Jay Robert Nash (McGraw-Hill, \$12.95), is the most comprehensive collection yet of baffling poses from the murder of Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, down to the present day. Scores of photos and drawings add to the general gruesomeness. A.B.

Selected sleuths

THE NICOLAS FREELING OMNIBUS (Gun Before Butter, Because of the Cats, Double-Barrel), Penguin, 462 pp., £6.50.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST, by Joseph Hume. Midsex, Hamlyn, 364 pp., £2.95.

OPEN SECRET, by James Leasor. Fontana, 322 pp., £2.95.

MURDER ON LOCATION by George Kennedy, New York, Avon, 207 pp. Price not stated.

STATE'S EVIDENCE by Stephen Greenleaf, New York, Ballantine, 248 pp., \$4.50.

NOTHING LASTS FOREVER by Rudenick Thorp, Ballantine, 184 pp., \$4.50.

Philip Gillon

north, where poison-pen letters are driving people to suicide and madness. In his hunt for the writer of these letters, van der Valk gets useful hints from a mysterious old Jew, who is so un-Jewish that we take him with a pinch of salt, herring from the moment he is introduced. The dénouement of the main plot is excellent, but the sub-plot, about the Jews, makes van der Valk out to be a fathead whose curiosity about people, and understanding of them, even allows him to sympathize with Nazis. Still, we can suspend disbelief, and enjoy the hunt.

Altogether, this is one of the most

curious mixture of espionage, black marketeering, history and financial advice about property racketeering à la Peter Rackman and other capers. Until the very end, and even after it, we are not quite sure whether the main character is really a villain with some good spots in him or a hero with a bad streak.

George Kennedy's *Murder on Location* is no run-of-the-mill thriller. It is written by George Kennedy, known to us all as a remarkable prize-winning film actor rather than as a writer. He proves himself a competent author. He comes to grips with murder in a milieu with which he is familiar indeed — a film is being made on location. Actors whom we know as well as members of our own families, for instance Dean Martin, Raquel Welch, Glenn Ford and Yul Brynner, wander through the narrative, but I can give away a secret — they are neither killers nor victims. A very satisfactory, fast-paced thriller gives us much inside knowledge about film-making.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF is a former lawyer and college professor who now writes subtle and intricately plotted thrillers, rather similar to John D. MacDonald's in that they involve the discovery of long-buried family secrets. His hero, John Marshall Tanner, is as tough a sleuth as ever ignored numerous admissions delivered the hard way to give up the trail. Eventually he strikes pay dirt below all the accumulated other dirt, and brings everything to a very adequate dénouement. This is an unusual and satisfying book.

I BEGAN reading *Nothing Lasts Forever at 1 a.m., and finished it in a single session at 4.38 a.m. I advise anyone who isn't an insomniac in midtown his distance from this gripper, unless it's read in a civilized hour. It is impossible to put down until the last terrorist has been killed by Joe Leland, a very, very tough ex-cop.*

Leland visits his daughter Stephanie in the Klaxon Oil building in Los Angeles, and finds an office party going on: they are celebrating the negotiation of a multimillion contract to build a bridge in Chile. Stephanie played an important role in the negotiations. Then a gang of anarchist terrorists, led by Little Tony the Red, invade the building, and take the entire party hostage. Leland is out of the room at the time. He launches a war against the terrorists, which ends in a sullied victory. A great gripper, with a real story line underlying the vivid descriptions of Leland's implacable battle. Heartily recommended.

OPEN SECRET is much inferior to these other books, but does have its moments of high suspense. James Leasor has concocted a

Crossfire

LOVE, DAD by Evan Hunter, New York, Dell, 586 pp., \$5.95.

Lauren Kettler

WHEN Evan Hunter appeared on the literary scene with *Blackboard Jungle*, youth unrest, as depicted in the school in his novel, was considered to be a deviant phenomenon anywhere. By the time Hunter catches up with youngsters in his newest novel, *Love, Dad*, they are in exile across the generation gap. Youth unrest is transformed into arrested maturation by the Pepsi generation that won't take "na" for an answer.

Hippies tripped through the psychedelic Sixties in a prolonged and exaggerated adolescence, driving the older generation, alias keepers of the dread Establishment, into their own trip of guilt and confusion. Traditional institutions were deemed outdated; sons, daughters, mothers and fathers became "individuals," and the new religion was embodied in the trinity of "me, myself and I."

Following Jimmie Croft and his teenage daughter, Lissie, through the years 1968-1979 is often as trying as the times themselves. The prolonged torment of their deteriorating relationship sometimes seems as pointless as it is poignant.

Lissie sets off around the world to learn about "real life," on an odyssey that keeps her removed from patent realities and the repercussions of her own actions. Her father is helpless and heartbroken as he views a course that he can't comprehend.

IT SEEMS that everyone in this novel is forced to find himself in the end. In the meantime, however, Lissie is just one of the tribe of American hippies passing through Europe. Stopping at Anne Frank's house in Holland, she can clearly see her own suffering at the hands of the police as tantamount to the "hassling" Anne Frank endured. Jimmie blames himself and his peers for not trying hard enough to communicate with a generation that has so much to say. Father and daughter remain enemies in the crossfire of a revolution.

As the anti-establishment rebellion fizzles out and its leaders begin more and more to resemble the other side, Lissie wonders "whether young people are as full of shit as adults are." Like many of her peers, she suddenly turns around and finds herself back on earth.

THIS ANTHOLOGY is a welcome venture on two counts: first, because it brings to readers of English a number of hitherto untranslated Hebrew writers, and second, because it makes available eight novellas, those blessed fictions of bastard length too long for short-story collections and too brief for publication on their own.

To turn first to three familiar — it is tempting to say inevitable — choices in the anthology, we find A.B. Yehoshua's "A Poet's Continuing Silence," Amos Oz's "The Hill of Evil Counsel," and Shai Agnon's "In the Prime of Her Life."

The first two have been available to readers of English for a number of years, and indeed are among the best known examples of contemporary Hebrew writing in translation. Readers of this book therefore might be tempted to skip them. I was tempted. Believing I "knew" each story well enough, I thought a mere glance at each would be sufficient to refresh my mind on tone and content. A mere glance, however, was enough to tell me that each was well worth reading through again, which I did, with utter enjoyment.

Not so with the Agnon tale. I can't read Agnon in his difficult Hebrew, and he has defeated me several times in English. This is especially true of the novella; the short stories usually work for me; the novellas leave me at best with the illusion that I'm on to what's going on. Lechuk and Shaked confess that "Agnon loses significantly in translation," and urge re-reading as the only remedy. Well, I have reread "In the Prime of Her Life," and it still comes across as having more charm and literary device than significance. But no doubt the fault is mine.

I MUST PLACE the doubt elsewhere, however, in respect of Uri Gnessin's "Sideways." This writer, who spent almost all of his life in the little shiel of Potchep, completed only four novellas in his lifetime. The editors extol "Sideways" for its depiction of Chekhovian intellectuals languishing away in the provinces, and that is evident. But of what the editors call "careful delineation" of character, or the "moving portrait" of the hero, there is nothing whatsoever in evidence. Assertion just won't make it so; the novella has a winning if not particularly original impetus behind it, but it remains so

IN CONTRAST to traditional philosophical systems which emphasize the abstract and the objective, Existentialism emphasizes the subjective and the personal. It stresses personal involvement, choice and commitment, and its starting point is the actual situation of man. It is he who decides and acts.

The main proponents of Existentialism in Jewish philosophy are Franz Rosenzweig and, especially, Martin Buber with his doctrine of the I-Thou relationship.

This volume, as its sub-title indicates, is an attempt at an existential interpretation of the Bible. The form of the book is as unusual — for a philosophical work — as its author. By profession a motion picture and theatre director — he produced the first full-length Hebrew film, *Hill 24 Does Not Answer* — he is a scion of a distinguished Lithuanian rabbinic family, with a vast knowledge of rabbinical literature and a special predilection for Kabbala, Hasidism, and the



"As if in a dream, a man-bridge is stretched across a frozen ravine waiting for the first traveler to cross." Schackel who have published the works of Franz Kafka since 1935, have just issued an edition of his short story "The Bridge" (\$5.59) illustrated in full colour by Henri Galem.

Welcome venture

EIGHT GREAT HEBREW SHORT NOVELS edited by Alim Lechuk and Gershon Shaked, New York, Meridian New American Library, 392 pp., \$9.95.

S.T. Meravi

thin in the telling as the ice that's forever forming on those cold spring mornings in Russia. Yusef Chaim Brenner's "Nerves" places us on much firmer ground. Set in the early days of the yishuv, this story blends well-chosen detail with myth to give flesh to the sort of agonies Brenner and his contemporaries suffered. "A bird whose Hebrew name neither of us knew flew brilliantly by," Brenner may have been unable to name the bird, but he brilliantly identified the angst.

Perhaps the most curious of the choices in this anthology is David

Fogel's "Facing the Sea." Fogel was a classic Russian-born Jewish neurotic who visited Palestine only briefly in 1909 and spent the rest of his life wandering around Europe, eventually dying in a concentration camp. He spoke Russian, French, Italian and German; kept his diary in Yiddish, and yet wrote poetry and fiction in Hebrew.

"Facing the Sea," Fogel's first work of fiction to be made available in English, is a fragmented but compelling picture of — of all things — Europeans idling away their "amoral" lives on the Riviera. ("Sometimes, a man may take his own life, for the fear of dying.") Fogel presents an immediate and evocative modern tale which makes for an extraordinary entry to the annals of Hebrew literature.

EQUALLY extraordinary — and for this reader at least the most pleasant surprise of the collection — is Yitzhak Shami's "The

Vengeance of the Fathers." Shami, a Sephardi born in Hebron in 1888, is little known today among Hebrew readers, not to say readers of English. Yet his novella is among the most memorable in the anthology. Interestingly, like Fogel's story, this one also doesn't concern Jews. Rather, it is an imaginative recreation of a blood feud that sprang up between rival Moslem communities during the pilgrimage to Nehi Mussa in 1928. Shami's blend of brute psychology, sweeping myth and lush detail makes for an enchanting and chilling story.

Totally opposite in tone and texture is Joshua Knaz's "Musical Moment," a sad and gently mocking tale of a young sabra and his violin. In many ways Knaz, an editor at *Ha'arets*, provides a thread in his young protagonist that seems to run back through Oz's childhood reveries, the melancholy dreamers of Gnessin and Brenner, even the strange Jewish archetypes of Agnon.

A contemporary artist like Knaz also provides proof, if any were needed, that Hebrew fiction is not just the product of an occasional master, but a continuing and vibrant cultural expression. Whether these novellas also prove, as the editors repeatedly insist, that Hebrew fiction can be held up "to the highest standards of world literature," is another, and really much less interesting, question.

ROBERT ALTER, for example, recently took the editors, Lechuk and Shaked, to task in *The New York Times* for being unnecessarily promissimal in their introduction to this book. Lechuk responded in the same newspaper with more anger than solid argument. Alter of course was right: it is pointless to chauvinistic to try to promote some sort of literary Olympics between nations. Lechuk and Shaked in any event had no need to insert the word "great" into their title: the works will demonstrate their greatness, or lack of it, on their own.

Finally, it should be pointed out that the demonstration of the greatness of these novellas for English readers depends in large measure on those always-neglected heroes, the translators. Special mention should be made of the beautiful efforts of Hillel Halkin, Nicholas de Lange, Betsy Rosenberg and Miriam Arad.

Maharal

MYSTICAL THEOLOGY AND SOCIAL DISSENT: The Life and Works of Judah Loew of Prague (The Littman Library of Jewish Civilization) by Byron L. Sherwin. Fairleigh Dickinson University Press and Associated University Presses, 253 pages. No price stated.

Hillel Goldberg

RABBI JUDAH Loew, "Maharal" (ca. 1520-1609), was chief rabbi of Prague, a profound thinker, and prolific writer. The preliminary chapters of this book — on Maharal's life, legend, influence, and review of the literature — are worth little because of Sherwin's penchant for stating the obvious as if it were a profundity, and for spinning hypotheses as if they were established conclusions.

On the other hand, the heart of the book, on Maharal's thought, is valuable for its careful and admirably clear explication of Maharal's complex views on Divine attributes, Torah, Jewish uniqueness, man and his perfection, and messianism. The last chapter is on Maharal's polemics ("social dissent").

Sherwin is suggestive on Maharal's theology as a response to the catastrophe of 1492, and on other issues. However, his background summaries of Jewish thought, while always pertinent, are often thin. More important, his attempt to transform Maharal into a mystic is often forced. Maharal was a mystic, but he was so much else, too — one of the most versatile, hard-to-classify thinkers in post-rabbinic Judaism — a *halachist*, an ethicist, a speculator on astronomical and other scientific matters, an educational reformer, as well as a theologian. Quantity is not always quality, but Maharal has more than 10 volumes cannot be adequately reduced to 178 pages of critical analysis, especially since he seems to anticipate Einstein, Bergson, Hegel, and other moderns.

Overall, Sherwin's volume is to be welcomed as a presentation of major themes in the thought of a prominent 16th-century Jewish thinker who influenced certain key Hasidic, Zionist, and thinkers who were semi-Mitnagdim.

SHELDON'S sign spanning 100 years in the life of a South African family who become billionaires through mining diamonds and gold. Actually, it is two stories in one. The first part tells of the original founder, an 18-year-old lured from Scotland in 1885 by the world craze for hunting what the Dutch in South Africa called *moat klippe* diamonds. Almost killed in the search, he is saved by a black man who becomes a lifelong friend. Influenced by him, he understands and supports the Bontus' struggle to retain their roots. A daring raid on a heavily guarded beach studded with diamonds gives the Scottish youth sudden wealth which his wife and daughter enthusiastically help convert into a world-famous conglomerate.

In the second half of the book, in the 1980s, the family now lives in

Death and diamonds

MASTER OF THE GAME by Sidney Sheldon, New York, Morrow, 403pp., \$14.95.

CHRISTINE by Stephen King, New York, Viking, 471pp., \$16.95.

Jenny Tarabulus

New York. Rivalry between beautiful twin sisters for their grandmother's heritage, and the control of enormous wealth, leads to a hair-raising climax of murder and suspense.

The story's chief protagonist, Kate, daughter of the founder, is as

strong-willed and domineering as any feminist could wish. At the age of 90 she still manipulates her wealth to buy power, people, and coolly to arrange marriages in promotion of the family's vested interests.

The first part of the book is best, in its dramatization of the adventures South African rush for diamonds. Only those who were ruthless in their pursuit of the big prize were rewarded. The life there tossed aside what the Afrikaans called "schlenteers," fool's diamonds. Ja.

STEPHEN KING, the author of

Shining, outdoes himself in his new thriller. Not satisfied with transplanting one person's soul in the body of another, he now transfers a human soul to the chassis of a 1958 Plymouth, no less. The battered car, called Christine, is the last nostalgic possession of a thwarted, vengeful World War II veteran who, before dying, sells it at an outrageous price to a teenager morbidly attracted to the wreck, whose dashboard radio plays only music of the Fifties.

From the moment he owns the car, Arnie, a bright, dutiful high school student, is transformed into a mistrustful, moody kid obsessively spending all his free time at the garage, restoring the car, neglecting his school, his girlfriend Leigh. True horror begins when a

teenage gung wreck Christine after Arnie has completely repaired her. Powered by the dead veteran's soul, the car goes on a murderous binge of revengeful assault, which Dennis and Leigh try to stop for Arnie's sake.

That notorious symbiosis of Americans with their cars becomes ghoulish fact, and leads to a screeching end, and a devastating epilogue, that will make readers reflect on the power of hidden guilt to confuse imagination with reality. It will also make one leery of crossing in front of a car. Although supernatural shenanigans at times border on comic strip absurdity, *Christine* is superbly written, laced with teenage lingo of the Eighties and lines from two generations of rock'n roll hits. Stephen King is a master story teller.

BOOKS WRITTEN by parents — mostly mothers who feel that Danny's pearls mustn't be wasted on a mere grandma — rarely are any good, but here's the exception: **EINAYIM KETANOT BE'ERETZ GIDOLA** by Mina Eitan (*Little Lives in a Big Country*, Givatayim, Massada, drawings by Edna Givoni-Schlesnick, 95 pp.). It is the story of a kibbutz family's three-year stay in New York, where Daddy has been sent as a *shaliah*.

We are not concerned with Daddy, though, but with Ori, the first-person narrator, and her brother Ophir, seven and three respectively when the story opens. Ori's is a child's eye-view of New York, so we don't start with Broadway and the Empire State, but with a *yeshiva*-school, which takes some getting used to for a pair of little secular kibbutzniks. Everybody there, funny that, is religious. "Like in Jerusalem," and Ophir has to wear a *kippa* over his protests that "I don't want to be a Jew!" Except, as it turns out, on Fridays, when the school lunch includes a strange but tasty item called *tafelberg*.

Thanks, again, to the child's eye-view, what is being compared here is kibbutz versus New York, rather than Israel versus America. Take Ori's social life. Luck at home, Ori would announce "I'm going to Ronit," and that would be that. Here in New York, spending an afternoon with a friend is a large-scale operation, involving phone calls back and forth, discussions of when and where, and the availability of at least one parent-with-car.

And how do I know this is a mother's book? I don't really, but some episodes make me strongly suspect it. One is the visit to Disneyland. The first thing Ophir wants to see in Disneyland is a bag of "kacorn" in his hand. Not yet, says mother, we've only just got here, whereupon Ophir throws himself to the ground and starts yelling: "Kacorn! Kacorn! Now!" So, like any Israeli *hama*, his mother says "Shalom" and walks off. Only, this being Disneyland, all she sees, on looking back after a few steps, is a forest of strange legs and no

Children's books

Miriam Arad



Ophir. How Ophir is lost and found is a long story, but the moral is clear: you shouldn't try to educate children in Disneyland.

The story ends with the family's return home. "What?" says Ophir. "We won't have a car? We'll have to always use the subway? All right, I'm not coming." In short, what with a few mild digs at the American way of life as well, this book will amuse adults as much or more than children. Children of 8-10, on the other hand, reading it on an Ori level, will certainly enjoy it too.

THE KIBBUTZ isn't just a tourist attraction but a subject of interest to Israelis as well: it is a recurring theme in Israeli literature, including children's literature. **HAYELED MISHAMA** by Tamar Bergman (*The But First There*, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, 130 pp., unvowelled) is concerned with relationships within a group of 8-10-year olds in a Jordan valley kibbutz, against the dramatic background of the years 1946-48. The plot focuses on Avramik, a

Holocaust survivor. The children's response to this add newcomer with his incomprehensible behaviour — the fits of panic, the food hoarding — brings out their individual characters as well as the quality of their communal life, its strong cohesive bonds and sense of togetherness forever tested by the inevitable tensions, grudges and rivalries.

The children's daily life is vividly depicted, so that the reader soon grows familiar with the beds of communal shower and dining room, *metapeles* and afternoon visit with parents. As individuals, though, they are rather flat and simplistic, from wise, kind, sensitive Rina, who feels an affinity with orphaned Avramik as her own father was killed fighting in Italy, to insensitive and unwise Romi, and to Avramik himself, who will prove to be ever so nubile and brave, to the gratification of readers around ten.

THE HEROES OF YEMID BE-TZARA by Binyamin Tene (*A Friend in Need*, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, drawings by Ruth Tzarfat, 149 pp., unvowelled), too, are kind, noble and dedicated, and deserve to be the heroes of a book. They include both the "friend" of the title, who is a dog, and sundry human beings.

Tene is a leisurely, rambling sort of narrator, apt to interrupt his tale a while to quote words of wisdom from the mouth of old Paltiel, a saintly retired teacher; or else to insert a little educational sermon, or some doglore, or plain melodrama such as the account of a criminal's rehabilitation.

Tene, in fact, is a somewhat quaint and old-worldly writer. One aspect of this is the slang he has a hoggar speak, which is some 30 years out of date, if indeed it were ever in. Another is a reflection such as "Take *Lag B'Omer*: children don't use role have calendars, but it seems as though some mysterious being informs them well ahead when the day is due." Mysterious being? Weeks before every Jewish festival, children at school and kindergarten are talked to death about it — that's how they know when it's due.

Still, I believe that, though Tene's slow, moralizing, old-fashioned style may bore some children, it may well endear him to others, i.e., patient readers of 10-12 who don't demand instant satisfaction from their literature.

NOTWITHSTANDING its picture-book format, Ruth Tzarfat's **HAGAN** (*The Garden*, Givatayim, Massada, 136 pp.) is not exactly a children's book, though it may be one a child grows up with. (By that I mean the sort of book with pictures — anything from an illustrated bible to a book on Picasso — which a child grows fond of at three or four, and comes back to again and again over the years, always appreciating it on a different level.) As it is, it will appeal to some teenagers and adults, and to anyone yearning for the good old days when people still dreamt in this country, and not of a new video set.

Hagan (or *One Chapter from Father's Life*) is a loving tribute, just this side of idolization, to the author's father and his dreams — those he realized and those he didn't. Foremost among them is the garden of the family's house in a moshav near Petuh Tikva, whose shape and colour scheme Father planned to the last bush, bench and cherry tree; the latter thriving in the teeth of all the experts ("Are you crazy? This isn't Europe!").

Life in those days — the 30s and 40s — is depicted in concrete detail, e.g. the great, almost festive to-do that was the monthly washday, or people taking off their hat to Father, who is an important personage — he works for the Electric Corporation! Yet for all its meticulous description, there is a lyrical, lost-paradise feeling about this memoir — the lost paradise of childhood, and the good giant reigning over it.

The book is abundantly illustrated with photographs, Ruth Tzarfat's own drawings and watercolours and her father's, including his designs for the garden, for all kinds of funfellow ponds, fountains and caves and, for his heart's desire: a blue bathroom adorned with bathing nymphs.

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF trend started, if I remember rightly, with the well-to-do rather than the poor, and no wonder: anyone who can afford to buy those lavish guides hardly needs to. A case in point is **BEMO YADAYICH** — **LILADAYICH** by Ninette Borochov (*With Your Own Hands — For Your Children*, Givatayim, Massada, illustrated, 112 pp.), which looks like an impressive gift-book for a new mother. To be fair, it would make quite a practical present too.

It is a solid guide on making toys and games for children aged zero (nubbles) to seven, using much of the material to be found in any household, and, when not, providing information on where to buy it. Included, of course, are how-tos for cars, trucks, beads, dolls and dollhouses, as well as a chapter on helping with the housework, one on gardening (the good old avocado pit, not also melon seeds and such) and, inevitably, a chapter on the Jewish festivals, e.g., how to let a child make *succa* decorations, a *hanukia*, etc. The emphasis is, as usual, a bit too much on the educational value of this and that, rather than just the plain fun of it, but that's an inescapable Israeli habit: I actually heard an Israeli mother declare, "Give him a toy ear! Such a waste! There's nothing he can learn from playing with it!"

THE NEW TRANSLATIONS are: Sylvio Plath's delightful **SEFER HAMITA** (*The Bed Book*) in Uri Sela's Hebrew version (Tel Aviv, Am Oved, unpaginated), with the original drawings by Quentin Blake. In case you don't know it, this is a list of suggestions for people who don't want just any old bed, but might go in for a snazzy bed, a stain bed, a bird-watching bed, a pocket bed, or an elephant bed (which comes with a shower); and **HARPATKE'OT HABARON MUNCHHAUSEN** by Gottfried August Bürger (Givatayim, Massada, translated from the German by Zvi Arad, illustrated with woodcuts by Kornelius Willibald, 165 pp.), which is, of course, the classic *Adventures of Baron Munchausen*.

ANYONE who does grocery shopping must have noticed the veritable revolution this summer in the form of large throwaway plastic bottles in place of returnable glass for soft drinks. And anyone who reads newspapers cannot fail to notice that our glass industry is trying to launch a counter-revolution in favour of glass containers.

Beverage manufacturers tell me that the public is being given a "choice" between plastic and glass. But many of the big chain-stores and small grocers are making the choice for us, by refusing to handle returnable bottles for carbonated drinks and offering them only in one-way plastic or metal. Concentrated sweetened non-returnable glass.

What is going on here? For years, we had been conditioned to believe that a country sitting on a heap of sand should be making all its liquid containers out of local glass, and should return them for refilling as many times as possible, for economy's sake. Has anything changed?

What has changed, apparently, is packaging developments in the United States. And if something is good for Uncle Sam, it is bound to be tried here — albeit always a few years later.

Revolutionizing the soft drink industry, abroad and here, is a new type of plastic called polyethylene terephthalate, known by its acronym PET. The firms which use this material here receive it from abroad in the form of a small, thick cylinder, reminiscent of a test-tube. It is blown up here at the beverage plants to a size sufficient for one-and-a-half or two litres of liquid, as required. It weighs a mere 55 grams, compared to the one to two kilos for a glass bottle of comparable size.

IN AN ATTEMPT to get something of an objective opinion of this new type of packaging, I went to the Israel Centre for Packaging and Industrial Design, a non-profit body supported by its members (manufacturers, designers, etc.) and by the Industry and Trade Ministry. I spoke with David Genach, whose title is packaging engineer.

Packaging trends, says Genach, are a mirror of what's happening in the world economy in general. Because plastics are made from petroleum, the post-'73 energy crisis dealt a blow to the plastics industry. But it has been given a new boost in recent years with the lower prices of oil. This is true, he says, in the growing use of plastics for all sorts of things, even furniture. Plastic appeals to designers, because of its versatility: it can be "strong as metal, clear as glass, light as paper."

Only about four or five years ago, the Americans developed PET, which is considered suitable for protecting carbonated beverages. It is said to have high degrees of resistance to pressure, impermeability to gases, and transparency. It is also claimed to be chemically inert, meaning that it is supposed not to interact with the contents, imparting a side-taste or odour, or have an adverse effect on health.

One often-used argument in favour of glass, Genach admits, is that it is totally inert. It has been used throughout history, and he says there has never been any evidence of interaction between glass containers and their contents. As a packaging expert, he concedes that there are some things for which it is still preferable to use glass instead of any type of plastic. One of these is spices — because certain



Throw-away lines. Disposable plastic bottles found a novel use at an Israel Museum exhibition on recycling.

The bottle battle

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

spices "attack" plastic. While there have been some experiments, by the French of all people, with putting wine into plastic bottles, Genach agrees that wines are likely to remain in glass, if only because of tradition. But he does not have any objection to the new light-weight plastic for soft drinks.

In evaluating packaging materials, Genach approaches the problem mainly from the standpoint of the protection of product and the convenience of the customer. Although he does not entirely ignore considerations such as utilization of local raw materials or environmental problems, he firmly believes that "our present standard of living requires the use of one-way containers, not returnables."

Concerned environmentalists worry about plastic wrappers, because plastics do not disintegrate when dumped on the rubbish heap, and, if burned, emit noxious fumes. Genach told me it is the job of the Health Ministry, not his institute, to consider environmental effects before approving new packaging materials.

IN FACT, the manufacturers of Tempo beverages, which first introduced PET bottles to this country, did not consult with the Packaging Institute. Nor did it consult the health ministry. Under present Israeli law, it did not have to.

THE DIRECTOR of the Health Ministry's Food Administration, Dr. Jerry Westin, tells me that manufacturers are not required to seek prior approval of packaging materials for food or drink. Even when an official standard exists for the production of a certain foodstuff, there is only a vague requirement to use packaging "which will not endanger health." Unfortunately, says Westin, the manufacturer does not have to prove a material safe prior to use; it is for the ministry to prove it unsafe if a question arises.

Westin, a physician with post-graduate training in environmental medicine, says he is not yet familiar with the chemical behaviour of PET nor with all the international literature concerning its safety. Polyethylene by itself is a safe plastic for food packaging, because it is considered inert, Westin tells me. It is widely used here for dairy products such as *leben* and *yoghurt*

but has the commercial drawback of being cloudy rather than transparent. The more questionable component of PET is the terephthalate, Westin feels. Generally, he tends not to accept blindly the ruling in other countries as to whether a material is safe or not. But he admits that if the U.S. Food and Drug Administration permits the use of PET for beverages, that can be taken as some assurance of its safety. He promises that his department will take a closer look into the matter.

Meanwhile, he slipped me a bit of news about the forthcoming Israel Standard for Carbonated Beverages. It will outlaw all artificial colours. How will our soft drinks look? I asked him. "Beautiful," replied Westin, a long-time opponent of chemical additives in foods.

HAVING GIVEN the non-commercial spokesmen their say, I turned to the main protagonists in the bottle battle: the soft-drink manufacturers on one side, and the Phoenixia glassworks on the other.

On the battlefield of the marketplace, Tempo fired the first shot. Late in the summer of '82, it launched its "Kan-Kul" — the lightweight, two-litre plastic bottle that would help Israel's veteran soft-drink manufacturer hold onto its leadership in sales, which had been slipping away to Coca-Cola and Schweppes. It wasn't until this summer, however, that the Kan-Kal container really captured the public's attention — and by that time, it had been joined by similar-style plastic containers for Coca-Cola, Schweppes and Crystal drinks. The former two firms deny they were reacting to Tempo's initiative. Rather, they say, the directives came from their mother-companies abroad, in line with international trends.

Maybe Bornstein, general manager of Tempo, is in a curious position in having been the one to introduce PET containers to Israel, since Tempo itself owned a glass bottle-making company in Yerushalayim in the late 60s, before selling out to

Phoenixia, now the only glass manufacturer in the country.

Bornstein has been trying very hard to convince me that it is more economical for the country to import the PET required for making bottles than to manufacture the glass ones. True, we have sand locally, but we have to import soda ash, and glass-making is a fuel-intensive industry. Also true that glass bottles can be returned for washing and refilling but this requires considerable fuel and manpower, and there is a limit to the number of times a bottle gets refilled. Bornstein says the average is 10 times, but Phoenixia says the very thick bottles such as Coca-Cola's average 20 to 25 round trips. True that broken or one-way glass bottles can be recycled into new glass, but this takes organization and money — and plastic could also be recycled.

Bornstein is lavish in his praise of PET, which, he claims, "has exactly the same properties as glass." This stretches credibility a bit, and even other users of PET here are somewhat more reserved in their evaluation of it.

Friedstein also says that, under directives from Schweppes, his firm blows up the PET bottles, allows them to stand empty for 24 hours, and then washes them before filling. This is to prevent any possible side-taste or aroma of the plastic. Tempo, in contrast, expands the bottles and fills them immediately in assembly-line fashion. Bornstein is confident PET does not interact with the product.

PET's detractors at the Phoenixia glass company claim that U.S. laws require special testing of liquids packed in plastics, including PET, not not in glass, to make sure no aldehyde has been created by the interaction of product and container. I was unable to verify if such tests are required elsewhere, but they are not required in Israel.

The Health Ministry's Dr. Westin says he would have to know just which aldehyde was being discussed, as there is a group of them. And Jofora's Kolly Friedstein insists that an aldehyde, even if present, would only impart an unpleasant odour, not harm health. As for Phoenixia's charge that some European countries do not permit PET bottles for soft drinks, Friedstein says that where this is true, it is only because of a general ban on any non-returnables for ecological reasons.

Next week: The glass empire strikes back — a look at Phoenixia's plans for a counter-revolution by next summer.

Morlia Melech

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